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No. 1,189—Vol. XLVI.]

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1878.

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REVIVAL OF CLASS-DAY FESTIVITIES AT HARVARD COLLEGE—THE FEAST OF LANTERNS FURNISHED BY THE STUDENTS FOR THE CITIZENS OF CAMBRIDGE.



THE SCRAMBLE OF SENIORS AND UNDERGRADUATES FOR BOUQUETS AT THE "REBELLION TREE," ON THE COLLEGE GREEN.

MASSACHUSETTS.—REVIVAL OF CLASS DAY FESTIVITIES AT HARVARD COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 21ST.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 318.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1878.

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LATE EVENTS IN EUROPE.

MOURNING for the death of the youthful Queen of Spain overshadows all other news from Europe. Maria de las Mercedes Isabella Francesca d'Assis Antonia Louisa Ferdinanda, third daughter and child of the Duke de Montpensier and of the Infanta Louisa, sister of Queen Isabella II. of Spain, was born at Madrid, on the 24th of June, 1860. The marriage of her father and mother and that of Queen Isabella with her cousin, Don Francis, were the famous Spanish marriages which Louis Philippe, King of the French, plotted and lied—Queen Victoria of England is herself authority for this—with his Minister Guizot to bring about, in order to secure the succession of the Spanish throne to the House of Orleans and once more "abolish the Pyrenees." The intrigues of the Citizen King risked the peace of Europe, but became apparently successful a few months before the people of Paris dethroned Louis Philippe and drove him and his family out of France. An heir was unexpectedly born to Queen Isabella. But years afterwards, when Isabella, in her turn, had lost a throne and was an exile, and the hopes of the Duke de Montpensier to carry out the ambitious plans of his late father and ascend the Spanish throne had been blasted by his fatal duel with Don Enrique de Bourbon, fate seemed to have relented, and a granddaughter of Louis Philippe and daughter of Montpensier was married to her cousin, ex-Queen Isabella's son, the young King Alfonso. The kind-hearted old Pope Plus IX. did not sanction Isabella's violent opposition to this love-match, but favored the cousins with a dispensation to marry, sending them two consecrated rings, a diamond rose and his blessing.

The youthful couple were married by Cardinal Benuvides y Navarrete, in the historical church of the Virgin of Atocha, amidst splendid ceremonies and extraordinary popular rejoicings. Queen Mercedes won the genuine love of the Spanish people. Thanks to a charming sketch of her school-girl days by an American fellow-pupil, in 1873, at a Paris convent (Miss Henrietta Dana, granddaughter of Richard Henry Dana, the Nestor of our American poets), the Queen of Spain unconsciously won also the warmest and widest sympathy among the citizens of our Western Republic. Her fine, clear complexion, pleasing features, deep-set, expressive eyes, "of a soft gray, or hazel with dark lashes"; her hair, "jet black and splendidly thick and glossy"; her very white throat and pretty-shaped ears; her attractive manners and her disposition, at once playful and earnest, were all made familiar to Americans by Miss Dana's pen-portrait of King Alfonso's cousin—his "little wife," as he had been fond of calling her from childhood. All Spain was rejoicing with the young sovereign in the promise of an heir to the throne, when, suddenly, Europe and America have been shocked to learn, within a few short days, that Queen Mercedes was dying, and that Queen Mercedes is dead. She died on the 26th of June, two days after her eighteenth birthday, which was to have been celebrated with great pomp. On the 28th of June her remains were solemnly conveyed to the royal mausoleum, at the Escorial. Her death has touched more hearts than the death of any Queen in Europe since the execution of Marie Antoinette, the ill-fated Queen of France. The strange history of the "Spanish marriages" of Louis Philippe's reign has had a tragic ending of universal interest.

On the very day of the death of Queen Mercedes at Madrid, an impressive scene was witnessed in the Congress at Berlin, when Prince Gortschakoff made what was then thought might be his last appearance there. The venerable diplomatist—he is eighty years old—was so feeble from failing health that he had to be carried to the council-room. He spoke with effort, in a trembling voice, but with a resolute air. His remarks, he said, were prompted by a love of truth and of his country. His colleagues had granted concessions in the name of Russia far beyond what she had anticipated. Rumor adds that these concessions were beyond what the Prince himself had approved. He raised, however, no objections to the concessions which his colleagues deemed it their duty to make. He merely wished to declare that Russia makes sacrifices from a desire for peace, and that she has no narrow or selfish aims. Lord Beaconsfield, it is reported, expressed admiration of Prince Gortschakoff's sentiments. He acknowledged in the name of the Congress that a desire for peace actuates Russia, and he hoped the desire would continue. This scene would afford a good subject for the grand historical picture of the Congress which the Town Council is going to commission Anton von Werner to paint. The settlement of the Bulgarian question, due to the firmness of the British envoys, makes a pacific solution of the other questions at issue less difficult, unless Austria or Turkey should unexpectedly make mischief or delay. As it is, the prospect is fair that the Berlin Congress will come to a happy close before the middle of July. It is even hoped that it will not need to reassemble in September, in order to secure the establishment of peace throughout Europe. Greece is sanguine in its hopes of an extension of territory, and she has been fortunate enough to obtain a \$10,000,000 loan at Paris.

The views of her envoys were to be presented in the Congress on the 29th of June. On the previous day the Congress held a sitting of three hours. Prince Gortschakoff was present, and it is now denied that he is to quit Berlin. In accordance with the proposal of the British plenipotentiaries, it was decided to intrust to Austria the task of occupying Bosnia and Herzegovina in the interests of European peace. At the proposal of the French plenipotentiaries, who have honorably distinguished themselves by their earnest efforts for peace and religious liberty, it was unanimously agreed to recognize the independence of Servia, but only on condition that the present disabilities of the Servian Jews be removed.

While Paris was preparing to surpass, at the International Exposition festival of June 30th, all that she had ever before attempted in the way of illuminations and fireworks, London was melting from hotter weather than it had ever before known in June. On the 26th ult. the temperature in the shade in London was 91. At Nottingham it was 95, and in the sun at Kew Observatory it exceeded 146 degrees.

THE CITY PARKS.

IT is greatly to be lamented that in the laying out of New York the inestimable advantage of parks was not more fully considered. No other large city in the world has so few as our metropolis. Paris, London, Berlin and St. Petersburg, are dotted all over with an abundant sprinkling of these hygienic fountains. With us the direct benefits of public parks upon the health of the entire population has been but too little understood or appreciated. It has been estimated that the purifying influence of even a moderate-sized park like Union or Madison Square can be felt within a radius of twenty blocks. Parks are the true lungs of a great city—the lungs which, acting oppositely from the human organ, inhale all the foul air and exhale the life-giving principles of health, strength and sweetness.

The chief need of smaller public parks is to meet the local needs of the laboring population. Necessarily, the working classes can only hope to visit them after the day's work is over. They are then too weary to go any distance for even so great a boon as a cooling breeze or a seat in the open air. It is true that in Central Park there will be found a magnificent denial of such inattention to the public good. If we find fault that we are poorer than some sister cities in parks numerically, we can at least boast that in size and extent, diversity and variety, there is no park in the world to equal ours. It is London's pride that she can give her pedestrian-loving population three miles of park-walking in the very heart of her densely built city. But the New Yorker can have seven miles of ramble through graveled, shaded mall, broad stretches of meadow, over rocks and through caves, or along the borders of the sparkling lake.

The sanitary, æsthetic, and moral benefits of such a resort as Central Park are simply incalculable. Rich and poor alike reap daily a golden harvest of blessings

which are none the less lastingly valuable that they are so subtle as to be scarcely fully recognizable. Hundreds of children are daily growing up to more vigorous manhood and a stronger womanhood because of the hours spent in play amid the healthful surroundings of the Park. A Saturday afternoon's stroll through the Park in high midsummer is certainly the most wholesome and refreshing spectacle our otherwise loathsome Summer city can yield. The picture is none the less gratifying from the fact that its character is plebeian rather than aristocratic. In the Spring and Fall it is more the rich and the well-to-do who people the Park with their gay equipages and their stately stepping horses. But in the Summer it is all the people's own. It is the working-girl and her mechanic lover who listen to the moving strains of the band on the Mall. It is the tired washerwoman, with her noisy brood of holidaying children who make populous the greensward. It is a "whole city full" of pale women and sickly babes who creep into the cooling shade of the rustic bowers and make here their first acquaintance with all the glad living things of earth and sky.

Much has been done to make the Park accessible to all, to make it a people's park as well as the park of the rich. But much is yet to be done. At the present time its enjoyments and resources are only within the reach of that portion of the working population who live within walking distance, or to whom a car-fare is not an item in the weekly expenditure. But for the swarming human hive below Canal Street, who are too hopelessly far to reach the Park by walking, and to whom a ten-cent piece means a night's lodging or a meal, how can the Park be made available to them? It is true they have the Battery and the river sides, but neither can yield the diversions, amusements and healthful refreshment of a day in the Park.

It is a matter of wonderment that the street railway companies have not thought of some plan of meeting this need. Why should there not be cheap excursion-cars run to Central Park as well as to any other pleasure-ground? Suppose the railroads, whose stock has suffered such depreciation from the advent of the elevated roads, should with adequate accommodations issue round-trip tickets at five or six cents, from downtown to the gates of the Park, would such an experiment not prove a financial as well as a great sanitary success? There can scarcely be a doubt that such cars would be crowded beyond their seating capacities on Sundays and other holidays. Such means would put the Park and its splendid possibilities of healthful pleasure within the reach of that very portion of our tenement-house population who most require them. Such an opportunity for a day's "outing" would prove a speedier remedy for our rum-drinking evils than Excise laws, and a corresponding decrease would be noticeable in the death rates of women and children during the heated term.

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

ONE of the most practical and timely of the many excellent addresses delivered in connection with the recent college commencements, was that of Hon. Horatio Seymour before the Alumni of Madison University. Close observers of the educational development of the country, and of the tendencies of opinion as to the wisest methods of popular instruction, have become conscious of the existence of a growing and radical antagonism between two classes of people—those, on the one side, who insist that the public should not be taxed for the support of other than primary or common schools, and those who, on the other hand, hold that it is the duty of the General Government to establish and maintain, at the public cost, good universities, and ultimately to assume control of the whole subject of public education. It was to the consideration of the controversy between these parties, and the serious consequences which would flow from the triumph of the ideas of either, that Governor Seymour addressed himself with characteristic vigor of grasp and clearness of statement.

Governor Seymour holds that the structure of American society and forms of government bear no analogy to European systems, that peculiar and exceptional wants and necessities shaped our social, educational and political organizations, and that the one great and supreme peculiarity of our system, which distinguishes it from all others, is the way it distributes the powers and duties of office. It is a system which demands education and makes education. "When we look through the different departments of our laws, we find that their due administration, in the cities or towns in which we live, concerns us a hundred-fold more than all others. The protection of life and property, the security of our homes, the good or the bad influences which guard or assail our families, mainly depend upon the conduct of our home governments. It is here that

education is of vital importance. Here it must be cherished; not only by the local community, but in every home and by every fireside. To take the subject of education away from the popular care would give it a deadly blow. The very fact that the duty of cherishing it is distributed to every township and carried home to every citizen, is of itself a better system for teaching the minds, lifting up the morals and ennobling the patriotism of the people, than can ever be devised by all the wisdom that ever has or can be assembled at Washington." The argument, therefore, of those who insist that Government should have jurisdiction over the whole matter is not only fallacious, but full of peril to the highest interests. On the other hand, the argument that the higher institutions of learning can in any way be hurtful to elementary education is equally without foundation. "The spirit and life of our Republic," Governor Seymour argues, "demand not only the distribution of powers as an essential part of our system of Government, but they also require that social and political duties shall be put upon each man, which should be performed with intelligence and fidelity. The system which makes all men members of the governing class obviously demands higher education than the mere primary elements of learning."

Then, consider the vast utility of the higher forms of learning in the multifarious relations of the people to one another. Governor Seymour said truly that if we should strip from our workshops all that learning has devised or discovered, the wheels of profitable industry would instantly stop. "Strike out of existence all that our higher schools have done to aid all pursuits, and a dark cloud would overshadow our land. Destroy the intelligence they have diffused among all classes, and all forms of property would sink in value." How absurd, therefore, is the charge that wrong is done to labor or to property when diffusive learning is upheld in some degree at the public cost. There can be no more dangerous teachers than those who would subject knowledge to the rules which govern our dealings in material things.

It is well that public men of acknowledged wisdom and experience should speak out, as Governor Seymour has done, in vindication of the value of our public school system against the assaults of its enemies. Ignorance, avarice and bigoted sectarianism, to all of which it is opposed, constantly antagonize, either silently or openly, its claims to generous recognition; and those who believe that popular intelligence is the basis of all good government and all wise law must vigilantly guard against the diffusion of error or the growth of false ideas as to its true relations to the welfare of the citizen and the dignity of the State.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SURVEYS.

IT is high time that the Government surveys were put under one department, before the cross lines run by various parties become as intricate as a spider's web. There are now three surveys in progress—one geographical and two geological in their main features; the first under the corps of engineers of the War Department, and the last two under the Interior Department, in charge, in their order, of Lieutenants Wheeler, F. V. Hayden and J. W. Powell. The first is prosecuting a geographical survey west of the one-hundredth meridian, by means of astronomical, geodetic, topographical and meteorological observations, with a view to a comprehensive and accurate map of the whole area on a uniform scale, and includes observations on important branches of natural history to such an extent as the present developments of that country require. It will cover the entire area in twenty-five years. It is said by rival parties that Dr. Hayden's survey will require ninety-four years to finish, and Major Powell can not get through with his small area under one hundred and eighty-two years—rather a discouraging outlook for these two gentlemen. In the meantime these three expeditions are constantly crossing each other's tracks, and are also duplicating, or, rather, triplicating, the work already so admirably performed by J. D. Whitney and Clarence King. No sooner does one company of surveyors climb some mountain peak, measure its height and give it a name, before some other party ascends the other side, and imagining that it is a virgin mountain, puts it down on his map and christens it with an entirely different name, and thus the maps and nomenclature of that part of the country threaten to get into inextricable confusion. A few years ago the highest peak in California was very properly called Mount Whitney. The Legislature of that State was last Winter urged to change the name to Fisherman's Peak, and a bill was actually reported to that effect, but was fortunately vetoed by the Governor. The ambitious leader of an expedition to the Rocky Mountains claimed

to have been the first to visit a certain region, and in proof of his assertion published some fine photographs. Oddly enough, in the foreground of one of his prints, was the figure of a man, and this man who was thus represented as complacently contemplating the landscape, proves to be a rival geologist who had been photographed on the spot some years before. These instances serve to show that it is time to put all the surveys under one head to prevent further confusion. An attempt was made at the late session of Congress to consolidate all our land surveys under one head, with a view of preventing future incongruity; but as the proposition was attached to the Sundry Civil Bill to which it was scarcely germane, the vote rejecting it cannot be regarded as fairly expressing the feeling of Congress as to the actual merits of the scheme. There can scarcely be a doubt that considerations of economy, as well as of unity and coherency in the system of surveys, will ultimately lead to legislation establishing them on a distinct basis in charge of an independent bureau of the Interior or some other department.

WEALTH WISELY USED.

THE growing tendency among men of wealth to recognize, by magnificent gifts, the claims of institutions of learning, is a very wholesome sign of the times. Among recent acts of munificence of this description is that of Judge Asa Packer, who has just presented to the Lehigh University, founded by him at Bethlehem, Pa., a handsome memorial library building, valued at \$100,000, together with some six thousand dollars' worth of books. The amount originally given by Judge Packer for the establishment of the University was \$500,000. The support of the institution involves an annual expenditure of over \$50,000, and this is also furnished by this princely giver, who seems to find his highest enjoyment in promoting sound and generous culture. Another recent illustration of the same generous spirit is furnished by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who is about to begin the erection at Long Branch of a handsome edifice, which he will donate to the town for the purpose of a public library and museum, in connection with its graded school. The building will be divided into two principal rooms: one for the library, and the other for the collection in natural history and archaeology, and will bear the name of the giver. It is intended to complete it by the next Summer, and the formal opening will be marked by unusual festivity and the presence of many distinguished guests. The Rev. Dr. Lockwood, of Freehold, has offered his fine collection of Indian relics, coins and antiquities, valued at over \$7,000, as a nucleus for the museum. There really seems to be no end to the munificent sympathy of Mr. Childs with all the higher and worthier interests of humanity, but on none has he bestowed more liberal donations than those which look to the promotion of the popular intelligence and the elevation of the public morals. The recent contribution of Mrs. J. J. Astor, in aid of the Children's Aid Society of this city, by reason of which one hundred boys were furnished with homes in the West, affords still another illustration of the growing tendency among wealthy people to use their money wisely.

A SALT LAKE correspondent writes us that the Paris Exhibition has destroyed the tourist business, and the Great West is this Summer effectually left out in the cold. Other sections, which have heretofore attracted a large share of the annual pleasure-travel, are this year suffering from the same cause as Utah and California.

THE twenty-seventh meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to be held at St. Louis on the 21st of August, promises to be an occasion of great interest. In addition to the ordinary exercises, there will be excursions to several points of scientific interest in and about the city, and also to Colorado. Ample provision has been made for the entertainment of visitors, and all the leading railroads will carry the delegates at half rates.

THE pioneer ship of the new steamship line between this city and Brazil, which sailed hence on the 6th of May, was welcomed at Rio Janeiro with great enthusiasm. All classes of the population manifested the greatest satisfaction at the opening of direct communication with this country. The vessel was visited and formally inspected by the Emperor and other high Government officials, and all expressed the utmost gratification that facilities will henceforth be enjoyed for the exchange of the products of Brazil for the manufactures of the United States. There can be no doubt that with the increase of these facilities, by the introduction of additional vessels, vast benefits will accrue to both coun-

tries, not only commercially, but in the development of all the elements of true civilization and international progress.

THE German Government has declined the invitation of Secretary Evarts to send a Commissioner to the Monetary Congress. Great Britain will be represented when the Congress convenes, and, as every nation except Germany has accepted, it is hoped that a delegate from that country may be finally secured. The instructions for our Commissioners have not yet been prepared, but it is stated that they will be carefully drawn with the view of securing the best possible results in fixing a standard of relative value for gold and silver in coin.

IT is gratifying to learn that the finances of Louisiana are steadily improving. The amount of State taxes collected during the first five months of the present year is \$539,000 in excess of the collections for the same period last year. The payment of the interest on the State securities is amply provided for. Meanwhile the business prospect is growing more encouraging every day. Now that the contentions of political factions no longer rend the State, there is no reason why it should not enter upon an era of unexampled prosperity through the utilization of the resources which have so long been neglected.

THE clergyman who conducted the funeral services at the burial of the late Moses A. Wheelock has provoked a good deal of deserved criticism by his violation of the proprieties of the occasion. Forgetting the wise maxim, "Speak nothing but good of the dead," he paraded before his hearers the frailties and faults of the deceased, speaking harshly and cruelly where every word should have carried comfort and consolation to the mourning relatives and friends. The clergyman who can so far forget himself, when standing at the mouth of the grave and in the shadow of a great sorrow, as to wound by reproachful and bitter words the sensibilities of smitten hearts, may not, possibly, be altogether unworthy of his sacred calling, but he certainly does not practice that tender charity which the Master taught, and which gave His life at all times a benignant beauty.

THE time is not far distant when we will turn on hot air or heat in general in winter, and be able to ventilate our rooms with refrigerated air in summer in the same simple way that we now turn on hot and cold water, or gas for illumination. The plan at Lockport, New York, to heat the city by steam has proved highly successful. Three miles of pipe, properly covered with non-conducting material, laid underground through some of its principal streets, radiate from a central boiler-house, and fifty different dwellings and other edifices, including one large public school building, have been thoroughly warmed all winter. Dwellings more than a mile distant from the steam generator are heated as readily as those next door. Steam metres are provided so that each customer need pay only for what he consumes. It is claimed that the system can be so developed as to furnish steam at fifty pounds pressure transmitted through twenty miles of pipe, thus supplying power for engines and steam for cooking and laundry purposes, extinguishing fires, melting snow, ventilation and heat.

THE British case has certainly been managed with a good deal of skill in the Berlin Conference, but there are a great many Englishmen who sharply criticize Lord Beaconsfield's methods. They say that his whole object is to patch up a peace, without any supreme reference to principle, merely in order that he may get the glory of effecting an "adjustment." The feeling of this class of critics is expressed by a prominent London journalist, who describes the Prime Minister as "the low comedian of diplomacy." The mass of the English people, however, are proud of Beaconsfield, and will trust him just so long as he successfully champions British interests. Should the Conference separate with a reasonably good settlement of the Eastern Question, he may possibly retire from public life on a dukedom and the vacant Garter. His political friends believe that he will dissolve Parliament in the Autumn, appeal to the country on his foreign policy, come back to office with a more powerful majority than ever, and continue to direct the destinies of England for the remainder of his days.

WE cannot resist the conviction that the Indian outbreaks which have become of annual occurrence, are the results of inefficient or dishonest management on the part of the agents of the Indian Bureau. It is undeniable that some of the tribes of Indians who have been placed upon reservations, agents appointed, and ample appropriations made for food and clothing,

have been actually starved into violence and outlawry by the swindling agencies. Hungry, naked, stripped of their hunting-grounds, exposed to the brutality of a rapacious Ring, is it surprising that the savage should now and then break away from all restraints and seek to avenge his wrongs by striking down the nearest representatives of the race at whose hands he suffers? It is amazing that the honest men in Congress do not combine to put down the gang of thieves who, in connection with the Indian business, have so long fattened at the public expense. It is disgraceful that it should be said, year after year, that the ring is stronger than the people and the Government, and that it is impossible to prevent thieving, outrage, anarchy and murder in the territory occupied by the red men.

THE fact that the labor party has obtained control of the California Constitutional Convention has induced an impression that the new element in politics may prove more seriously dangerous to the public tranquillity than has been heretofore anticipated. The display of strength in the State at large was certainly unexpected. But if Senator Booth is to be believed—and he is not a man to speak at random—the great body of the men who are engaged in the new movement are not foes of public order, or Communistic levelers, as they have been largely represented, but are generally small house and lot owners, or partial owners, who have as deep an interest in the preservation of property as the wealthiest citizens in the State, for the reason that any serious disruption of the present social system would involve in utter ruin all they possess, and they are intelligent enough to know and appreciate the fact. The cause for such development of strength by the party at the present time is, in a great measure, in Mr. Booth's opinion, the question of Chinese cheap labor, but there must, we think, be some other and deeper element of dissatisfaction which is not yet apparent. The proceedings of the convention for the revision of the constitution of the State will disclose, no doubt, the real animus and actual grievances of the leaders in the movement.

Who wouldn't be a drummer? Who wouldn't have a palace-car all to oneself—a warehouse on wheels? The *Railway Age* announces that a "palace drygoods car" is being built in Chicago to lease to merchants desirous of sending out live stock in the shape of their drummers, and inanimate ditto in the form of merchandise. The good-looking drummer has at length reached his happy hunting-ground. His merits will no longer be concealed within the gloomy recesses of business stores, or the dingy parlors of unfrequented hotels. No; like the prince in the fairy tale, he will appear from behind great sheets of glass, and rich hangings and gilded cornices. He will be mistaken for a monarch, and kotowed to as one born in the purple. He will pose to multitudes, and sit within his flying chariot as one who undergoes the pleasing honors of photography. Few, alas, will be privileged to enter within the sacred inclosure, but many will be enabled to observe the movements of this exalted being. Buyers will approach him respectfully and give their orders humbly. Conductors will tremble at his nod, and station-masters sacrifice express trains with their occupants in order to insure the safety of the beautiful drummer. He is to have his meals "within his tent," while the drowsy god will woo him while hurrying through the air. Happy, thrice happy, drummer, who can command almost perpetual motion under such pleasing conditions!

A BILL has recently been brought before the French Chamber of Deputies proposing a very important modification of the system of universal compulsory service as it now exists. Each year's contingent of recruits for the French army is, as is well known, divided into two portions, the men drawing lots to determine to which of the two they are to belong. Those who are thus placed in the first portion of the contingent, the number of whom amounts annually to about one hundred thousand men, are required to serve for five years, while those who form the second portion have only to remain with the colors for six months. It is now proposed that exchanges between men in the two portions shall be permitted; that, in other words, a man who has drawn a number which renders him subject to service for five years, shall be able to change places with the man who has only to serve for six months, paying at the same time a certain sum to the State for the privilege. Should this Bill become law, it is easy to see how materially it will affect the composition of the whole French army. By offering a sufficient pecuniary inducement it will, practically, always be possible for a recruit in the first portion to find one in the second portion of the contingent ready to exchange with him, and consequently the former will be ultimately composed altogether of the poorer men. The Bill is, in fact, an attempt to reintroduce, in a somewhat different form, the system of "substitutes," which, when it existed under the Empire, was characterized by Colonel Stoffel and other eminent authorities as the curse of the French army.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A new library building has been presented to the Lehigh University at Bethlehem, Pa., by Judge Packer.

ACCORDING to the report of the Tax Commissioners, the taxable valuation of New York City this year is \$1,098,387,776.

A GANG of counterfeiters, who have been operating in Eastern Pennsylvania for a long time, has just been broken up.

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR Mormons reached New York by the steamer *Montana*, June 26th, and eight hundred more are expected early in July.

ALL the companies in the coal combination have ordered an advance in prices of from ten to twenty cents per ton, with the exception of the Lehigh Valley.

ON account of the failure of Congress to make the requisite appropriation, Captain Tyson and the experimental colony will have to return from the Arctic regions.

SAMUEL A. CHACE, the defaulting treasurer of the Union Mills, at New Bedford, was sentenced on June 24th to twelve years' confinement in the Massachusetts State Prison.

THE offices of *Charge d'affaires* in Greece, and Second Secretary of Legations at London, Berlin and Paris have been abolished by the State Department, Congress having made no provision for their support.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS addressed the people of Augusta, Ga., June 26th, in defense of his recent course in Congress. A portion of the Democracy are dissatisfied with his action opposing the Potter investigation.

REPORTS from Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin promise a heavily increased yield of wheat over last year. The other crops do not promise as favorably. From Ohio the reports as to all the crops are full of encouragement.

ON June 28th the session of the Potter Investigating Committee was devoted entirely to the Florida case, and General Noyes, Minister to France, who returned for the purpose, was examined at length. He proved a perfectly honorable record.

THE Illinois Republicans, in State Convention, on June 26th, nominated General J. C. Smith for State officer, with candidates for other minor offices, and adopted a platform opposing further contraction of the greenback currency, and favoring such currency as can be sustained at par with coin.

THE rehearing of the case of General Fitz John Porter, dismissed from the army in 1862, has been reopened at West Point before a Board appointed by the President. At the conclusion of his investigation the same Board will consider the petition of Dr. Hammond, ex-Surgeon general United States Army.

THE Ohio Democratic Convention, on June 26th, nominated candidates for minor State offices, and adopted a platform demanding the repeal of the Resumption Act and the enactment of provisions for the free coinage of silver. The platform accepts the decision of the Electoral Commission as final.

A LARGE part of the manufacturing town of Springfield, Vt., was destroyed by fire, June 25th; loss about \$75,000. A fire at Fairbault, Minn., June 25th, destroyed several business blocks; loss, \$100,000. On the same day, the principal business houses of London, Iowa, were burned; loss, from \$80,000 to \$100,000.

AT a conference at the Executive Mansion, June 28th, the situation on the Mexican border was discussed by the President, Secretaries Evarts and McCrary, and Generals Sherman and Ord, the latter commander of the department of Texas. It is believed the subject has assumed a more serious phase than ever, and that General Ord wishes special instructions.

Foreign.

GREECE has succeeded in negotiating a loan of \$10,000,000 in Paris.

THE Mayor and Corporation of Erie, Pa., have been handsomely entertained by the citizens of Stratford, Ont.

THE Prince of Hanover has agreed to renounce his royal title, and Prussia has agreed to restore the sequestered property of the late king.

ON June 27th the Turkish admiral requested all foreign ships in the harbor of Canea to leave at once. Fighting had been in progress at Apocurona, Ciete, for three days.

A CLERK in the British Foreign Office has been arrested for giving an evening newspaper in London a copy of the agreement between Lord Salisbury and Count Schouvaloff.

THE remains of the late Queen of Spain were removed to the *Escorial*, June 28th, with great ceremony, previous to lying in state for three days. King Alfonso has received telegrams of condolence from all the European courts, and several courts have already gone into mourning. Pope Leo celebrated a solemn requiem Mass in the Sistine Chapel for the repose of the soul of the late Queen.

A GRAND festival in honor of the Exposition was held at Paris on Sunday, June 30th. Decorations, illuminations, triumphal arches, fireworks and choral and orchestral music were provided liberally in every ward of the city. In the Garden of the Tuilleries a monster musical *fete* was held; special fireworks were discharged in the Place du Trône, Place d'Italie and the Butte Montmartre, and there was a grand torchlight procession with electric lights and flambeaux. Illuminated boats were constantly moving on the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne, while the shores were brilliant with pyrotechnics. Immense crowds of French people and foreigners participated in the *fete*.

IT is believed that unless Turkey raises some new points the Berlin Conference will have settled the questions in dispute by the middle of July. The adjustment of the various details will be delegated to a Conference composed of the second-class plenipotentiaries, and the main Conference will reassemble in September to ratify the conclusions. At the sitting on June 28th it was decided, in accordance with a proposal of the British plenipotentiaries, to intrust to Austria the task of occupying Bosnia and Herzegovina in the interests of the peace of Europe. The Porte desired to place a limit to the occupation, but the Congress resolved that it may be indefinite; Austria has already occupied a portion of Bosnian territory. The Congress has also unanimously adopted a proposal of the French plenipotentiaries, that Europe should refuse to recognize the independence of Serbia, unless the Serbian Jews were relieved from their present disabilities. The Congress decided to appoint a commission to examine into the question of aggrandizement of Serbia. The aggrandizement of Montenegro will probably also be referred to a commission.

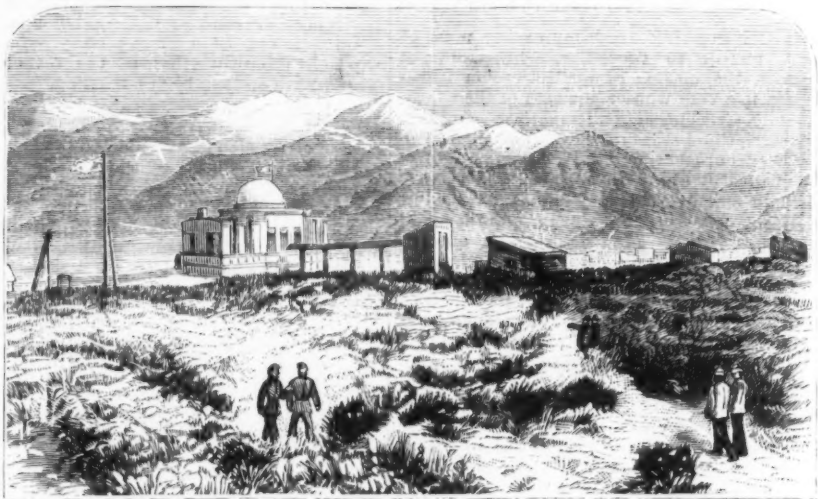
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 319.



GERMANY.—DR. NOBELING FIRING UPON THE EMPEROR WILLIAM FROM NO. 18 UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN, JUNE 2D.



MALTA.—RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN THE STRADA REALE.



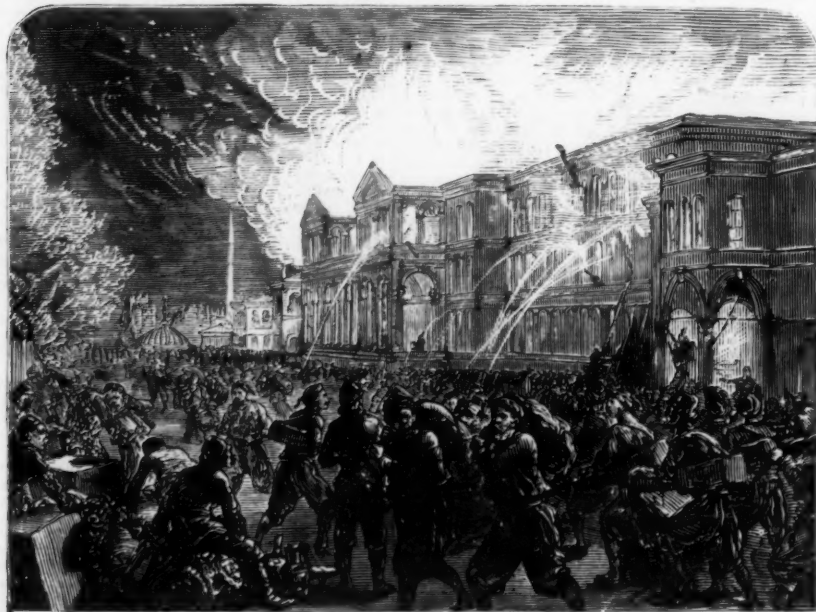
UNITED STATES.—OBSERVATORY ERECTED AT OGDEN, UTAH, BY THE FRENCH COMMISSION, TO OBSERVE THE TRANSIT OF MERCURY.



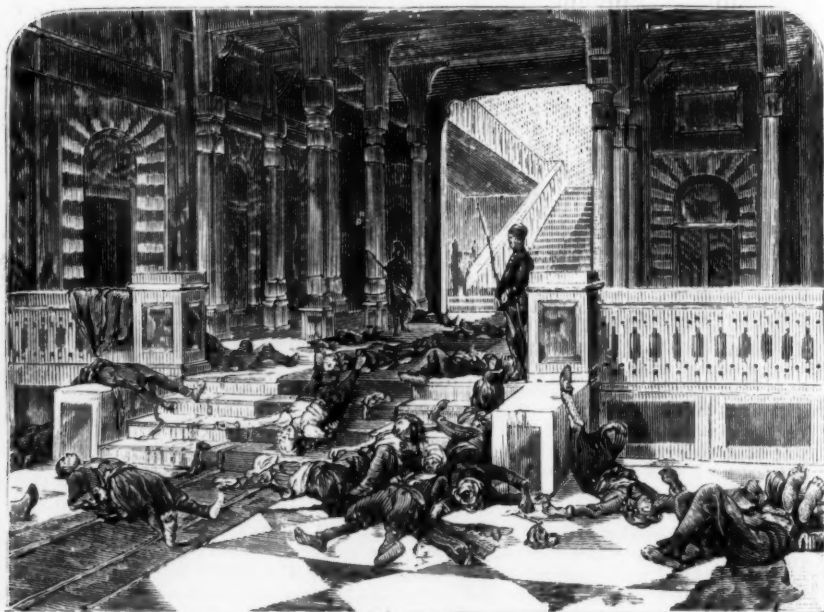
GERMANY.—RECEPTION OF THE SPECIAL AMBASSADORS OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO BY THE EMPEROR, AT BERLIN.



MALTA.—REVIEW OF NATIVE INDIAN TROOPS ON THE FICRIANA PARADE GROUNDS, SATURDAY, JUNE 1ST.



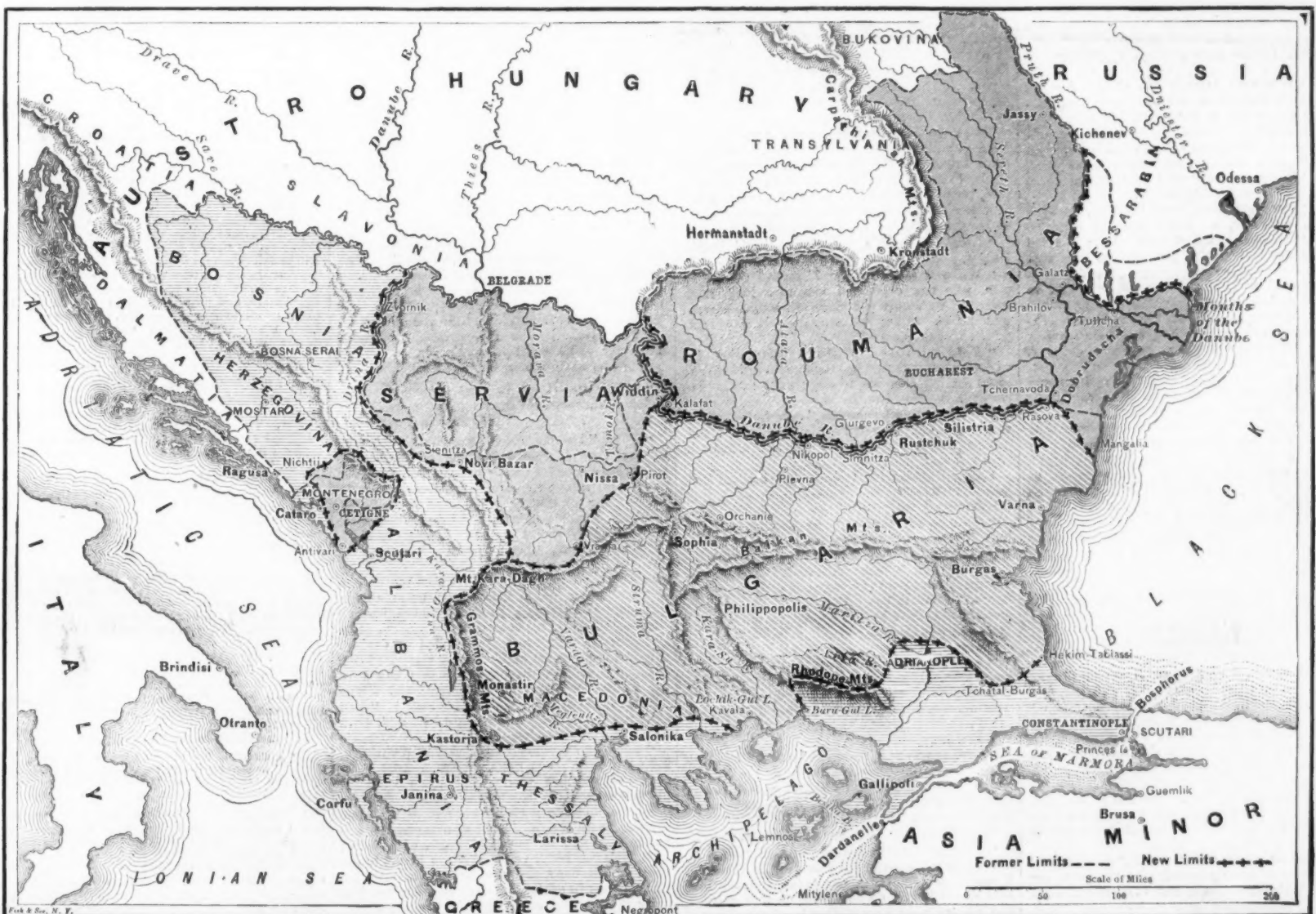
TURKEY.—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES IN THE "SUBLIME PORTE," CON STANTINOPLE.



TURKEY.—THE BODIES OF THE INSURRECTIONISTS OF MAY 20TH IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE TCHERAGAN PALACE, CONSTANTINOPLE.



CALIFORNIA.—RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR LELAND STANFORD, CORNER OF POWELL AND CALIFORNIA STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO.—SEE PAGE 319.



THE EASTERN QUESTION.—MAP SHOWING THE TERRITORIAL READJUSTMENT OF THE TURKISH PROVINCES, ACCORDING TO THE TREATY OF SAN STEFANO, NOW BEING CONSIDERED IN THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.—SEE PAGE 319.

AT HER FEET.

(Suggested by a picture of a girl knitting, with a poet at her feet.)

AS I lay at your feet the other day,
I opened a book with gilded rim—
A silken "Keepsake," wherein portrayed
Smiling matron and star-eyed maid,
With flowing ringlets and bosoms of snow,
Peeped up from under the binding frayed,
With sweet shy glances, their forms arrayed
In the fanciful garments of long ago—
And I toyed with its pages, and tried to skim
Some lordling's notion of poet's lay;
And I thought, "Fair ladies, where are ye now,
Married, and buried, and hidden away,
Or grown, maybe, into grandams grim—
Where is the poet who rises and wakes
His shuddering lyre for your faded sakes,
Whose hairs are gray, and whose eyes are dim?
So presently perish all things fair!"
Then, looking up, I saw you there,
Under the shade of the chestnut bough,
Your sun-hat tilted over your brow,
Almost hiding your rippling hair;
And with fair young figure, lithe and slim,
Leaning back in your garden-chair,
Whilst your slender fingers, busily bare,
Were knitting away at the second row
Of something for somebody else to wear.
And your spirit so far, so far from me,
Who lay all the while so near your feet
(Only an inch from your little shoe,
Under the shade of the self-same tree!)
Then I thought, "Was there ever a maid so sweet?
And sweet will she be when her hair is gray,
And the years shall have deepened her dear eyes' blue?"
But your mind was a thousand miles away,
As, leaning back in your garden-chair,
You counted your stitches and thought of him,
Whilst I could have sung out my soul for you!

VIOLET FANE.

DOCTOR DUBOIS.

DOCTOR DUBOIS had just finished a dinner, which, if not served up according to the philosophical principles of Brillat-Savarin, was at any rate both succulent and substantial. He had turned his feet towards the fire—it was in the month of December—and was slowly cracking his nuts and almonds, and occasionally moistening them with a glass of good wine. Evidently he considered that his day had been well employed, and fervently hoped that the goddess Hygieia would watch for that evening at least over his numerous patients. A pair of comfortable slippers—presented by a nervous lady for his assiduous attendance upon a scratch on the little finger of her left hand—adorned his small, fat feet. A black velvet skullcap was pulled half over his ears, and a brilliant morning-gown fell in graceful folds about his legs. Bobonne had retired to prepare the customary coffee. The evening paper had arrived. He was glancing at the first column when he was startled by a melancholy shriek of wind that came up the street, mingled with the crash of fallen tiles and chimneys, the dashing of shutters and the loud splashing of the rain.

"Whew! peste!" ejaculated Doctor Dubois, in a tone of pleasant wonder, "what a night! How fortunate it is that I am not called out. This weather will protect me. All my friends are going on nicely, bless them! No one is in danger of a crisis. Madame Favre has promised to wait till to-morrow. Nothing but a very desperate case could make people disturb me at such a time. Decidedly, I shall have one quiet evening this week."

The words were scarcely out of the doctor's mouth when the bell of the apartment rang violently. There was a sudden change from complacent security to peevish despair on the doctor's countenance. He placed both his hands firmly on his knees, and, turning round towards the door, waited for the announcement that was to chase him from his comfortable fireside.

"My poor gentleman," said Bobonne, bustling in with a platter, on which was the expected coffee, "you must be off at once. Here is a lad who will not believe that you are out. He says that his mother is dying."

"Diable!" exclaimed Doctor Dubois, half in compassion, half in anger. "Give me my coffee—tell him to come in. Where are my boots? Indeed, if she be dying—really dying—I am scarcely wanted. A priest would have been more suitable. However, duty, duty, duty."

"We shall be eternally grateful," said a young man who had entered the room. "When duty is willingly performed it is doubly worthy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the doctor, questioning Bobonne with his eyebrows to know whether his previous grumbling could have been overheard. "I shall be with you directly. Warm yourself by the fire, my dear young man, whilst I arm myself for combat."

The youth, who was tall and slight, not more than eighteen, walked impatiently up and down the room, whilst Doctor Dubois pulled on his boots, swallowed his scalding coffee, wriggled into his great-coat, half strangled himself with his muffler, and received his umbrella from the attentive Bobonne.

"I have a fiacre," said the youth.
"So much the better," quoth Doctor Dubois; "but precautions never do any harm. Now I am ready. You see, a man may still be sprightly at fifty. Go to bed, Bobonne, and take a little tisane, that cough of yours must be cared for—hot, mind."

The buxom housekeeper followed her master to the door, and no old bachelor who witnessed the little attentions with which she persecuted him could fail to envy the doctor his excellent housekeeper.

The youth saw nothing. He had gone downstairs three steps at a time, and was in the vehicle and angry with impatience long before the man of science bustled out.

"Now that we are in full march," quoth he, "I should like to know something of the case; not the particular symptoms, but the general facts. What is your mother's age?"

The youth replied that she was about forty, and had been ill some time. Her family had supposed, however, until then, that her disease was rather mental than physical. He said other things, but the doctor felt certain that there was something behind which shame had concealed.

The vehicle was threading some of the sombre streets between that and the Rue de Varennes. "You came a long way to look for me," said the physician, half inquiringly.

The youth muttered some answer that was unintelligible, and was saved from further questioning by the stopping of the cabriolet. On getting out, the doctor recognized the house as one of the largest private hotels in that quarter. He had often passed by, and thought it was uninhabited. The *porte cochère* was opened by an elderly serving-man, who looked sad and sorrowful.

"She is not yet—" exclaimed the youth, not daring to utter the word of the omen.

"No, no! but she has begun to talk reasonably." "Be frank," whispered Doctor Dubois. "Has your mother's mind been affected? It is necessary that I should know this."

"Yes, in one particular—in one particular only. I will explain all; but—it is very humiliating."

"Medical men are confessors," said the doctor, sententially.

"Well, you shall know everything; but first let me entreat you to come in and see my poor mother, and tell us whether there is any immediate danger. I think—yes, I am sure—that if we can prolong her life but just a little, health will return, and we shall have her with us for many happy years."

"Let us hope so," Doctor Dubois ejaculated, as he crossed a scarcely furnished hall, and entered at once upon a large apartment, preceded by his guide.

The inmates of the room were two beside the sick person, who lay in a bed at the further extremity. There was first a very old man sitting in a chair, with his knees advanced towards the remnant of a fire, which he was watching intently with lack-lustre eye. His garments were scanty and threadbare, but it was not difficult to see that he had formerly lived amidst wealth and ease. He rose when the doctor entered, made a graceful bow, and then sank back into his chair exhausted.

A girl of about seventeen sat by the bedside of the sick person, in whose hand her hand was clasped. She was evidently the sister of the youth. The invalid was deadly pale and fearfully thin, but traces both of beauty and intelligence remained on her countenance. At least so thought the doctor, whilst at the same time he was detaching, as it were, from those sickly features the expression which formed their chief characteristic, and which indicated to him the state of her mind. Combining what he had already heard with what he saw, he easily came to the conclusion that one at least of the mental faculties of his new patient was in abeyance. He sat down in a chair which the youth had placed for him, felt the lady's pulse, put on his usual wise look, and, after having received answers to a variety of questions, seemed to fill the apartment with life and joy by announcing that there was no immediate danger. The old man near the fireplace clasped his hands and cast up a rapid glance to heaven. The servant, who remained in the room, muttered a prayer of thanksgiving; and the two young people absolutely sprang into each other's arms, embracing, laughing and crying. The person who seemed least interested was the sick lady herself.

"What is the matter?" she inquired, at length, in a tone of mingled tenderness and pride. "Why are you so pleased with what this good man says? You will make me believe I have really been in danger. But this cannot be, or else the Duchess of Noailles would have come to see me, and the Countess of Malmont, and the Dowager of Montsorel. They would not let me die without paying me one visit. By-the-way, what cards have been left to-day, Valerie?"

These words, rather murmured than spoken, were greedily caught by the doctor, who began dimly to perceive the true state of the case. He received further light from the answer of Valerie, who, becoming very red, recited at random a list of names, some of them belonging to persons whom he knew to be in the country or dead.

"I wish to write a prescription," said Doctor Dubois.

"Will you step this way?" replied the young man, who now conducted him to a little room furnished with only one chair and a table covered with books. Other books and papers were scattered about the floor.

"A student, I see," Doctor Dubois smiled. He wished to intimate that he attributed the disorder he could not but perceive, to eccentricity rather than poverty.

"We must do what we can," eagerly replied the youth, as if delighted at the opportunity of a sudden confession. "We are too poor to be otherwise than you see."

Doctor Dubois tried to look pompous and conceited. "Madame de—de—"

"Jarante."

"Madame de Jarante," he continued, "has been undermined by a slow fever, the result of—what shall I say?—an insufficient supply of those necessities of life which humble people call luxuries. You need not hang your head, my young friend. These things happen every day, and the proudest of us have passed through the same ordeal. How long has this state of things lasted?"

"Two years."

"A long time. It seems to me that your mother has been kept in a state of delusion as to her position. She believes herself to be still wealthy, still to form part of the world of fashion, in spite of the accident which removed her from it."

"You know our history, then?"

"One incident I know, in common with all Paris. Every one read the report of the trial by which your family lost its immense fortune. I thought you had quitted Paris; and never dreamed that after that disaster—"

"You mean disgrace," put in the youth, bitterly.

"That after that disaster you continued to inhabit your old hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. I now understand that you have remained here ever since; living on the ruins of your fortune, and keeping your poor mother in the illusion that nothing has been changed—that she is still rich, honored, and happy."

"All this is true," exclaimed the youth, seizing the hand of the doctor; "but you do not know all."

"I know enough," was the reply, "to make me honor and respect you."

The story which the young man in the fullness of his heart now told was curious and painful. M. de Chesnel, his grandfather, the old man whom Doctor Dubois had seen in the other room, was one of the nobles who had emigrated during the first French revolution. He had gone to America, where he married the daughter of a Virginian planter, and settled down quite hopeless of ever returning to his native country. After a time his wife died, and left him with an only daughter. He came to Paris; where, although his fortune was small, he was able to give his child a complete education. After 1830 news came to him from America that his father-in-law had died, leaving all his property to him. He again crossed the Atlantic with his daughter, then nineteen years. On the voyage out he made the acquaintance of M. de Jarante, a young French nobleman of great wealth. An affection sprang up between this young man and M. de Chesnel's daughter. The consequence was that, some time after their arrival in America, they were married. Whilst M. de Chesnel was engaged in an unexpected lawsuit with the relations of his father-in-law—which ended in the will being utterly set aside—the young couple traveled together in various directions. Victor, the youth who related the story to the doctor, and Valerie were born, and the mother found it necessary to remain more stationary than before, to look after her children. Then M. de Jarante undertook to explore the Andes, and sent his wife and family back to France.

Victor evidently slurred over certain domestic quarrels here; but it came out that M. de Chesnel had reproached his son-in-law with neglecting his daughter, and seemed to think that it was partly because the fortune which she had expected had been taken from her. M. Jarante afterwards returned in safety, and led a very quiet life in Paris. His wife thought that his restlessness was now quite worn out; but at length he again started for South America, wrote home—frequently sending valuable collections which he made by the way—and was last heard of when about to undertake a voyage across the Pacific. This happened six years before the period at which Doctor Dubois became acquainted with the story. For some time Madame de Jarante suffered no misfortune but separation from her husband; but at length his relations had reason to consider him to be dead. They asked his wife to give an account of his immense fortune. She refused, saying that it devolved upon her children. Then, to her surprise, they asked for proofs of her marriage. She had none to give. A trial took place; and although some corroborative testimony was brought forward, it did not satisfy the law, and Madame de Jarante was not only deprived of her husband's fortune, but was called upon to give an account of many large sums she had spent. M. de Chesnel sacrificed all that remained to him to protect her. The hotel in which they lived had luckily been taken in his name. They sold the furniture piecemeal to enable them to live. Then it was that Madame de Jarante first showed symptoms of her mental disorder. She could not believe in the disaster that had overtaken her; and, to save her from complete insanity, her father and children found it necessary to commence the system of deception which they had ever afterwards been compelled to carry on. Victor gave many details of the extraordinary means they took for this purpose—always successful. His mother invariably kept her room. Only within the last few weeks, however, had she shown signs of bodily decay. Assistance had not been called in, simply on account of their poverty.

"And what, may I now inquire," said the doctor, deeply interested, "are the grounds of the hopes of better times which you seem to entertain?"

"I am certain," replied Victor, "that my father is not dead. He will return, there is no doubt, and restore us to our former position. All that I ask is that my mother's life shall be preserved until then."

Doctor Dubois did not entertain the same confidence. "Little stress," he said, "must be laid on presentiments of that kind. Meanwhile, your mother must not be allowed to wait for anything. You must borrow money of some friend."

"We have no friends," said the young man.

"Then I shall write a prescription," muttered the doctor, as he seized pen and paper.

What he wrote was as follows:

"MONSIEUR—I am in want of money immediately, please send me three hundred francs by the bearer.
ALPHONSE DUBOIS."

"There," said he, getting up, "take that to its address to-morrow morning, and do not let me hear from you again until you have used what you receive. I will come again to-morrow evening."

So saying the doctor bustled away to escape the thanks of Victor, and crossed the court in so great a hurry that he forgot to put up his umbrella.

In the evening Doctor Dubois returned to the hotel, and felt his heart warmed by the evidences of greater comfort he beheld. He now ventured to prescribe medicine, and succeeded eventually in restoring his patient's health. There was no change, however, in her mental condition. She still believed herself to be surrounded by wealth; only she thought her children were more attentive than before. The little comforts they now gave her excited not surprise but gratitude. The doctor continued his visits and his loans! "You shall pay me all back with interest," he said, when Victor hesitated to accept.

"Good works are never lost," remarked Bobonne, falling in with her master's humor.

One evening in the following Summer, when the physician happened again to be making ready for a comfortable evening with his feet in the same slippers; with the usual plate of nuts and almonds before him and an uncorked bottle of Beaune; with the same black velvet skullcap thrust to the back of his head, and the same morning-gown thrown back in graceful folds. Bobonne had just come in with the coffee and the evening paper. The bell rang again. Doctor Dubois again exclaimed "Diable" and "Peste." It was Victor as before.

"Come," he exclaimed, "to save us from the consequences of excess of joy!"

"They are never very serious," quoth the doctor, without moving. "What is the matter?"

"My father has returned."

Bobonne instantly understood the significance of these words, was the first to urge her master to be up and doing, and lost no time in handing him his hat. "As for your coffee, my dear doctor, I will keep that warm for you."

Doctor Dubois learned, as he walked towards the hotel, that Monsieur de Jarante had suddenly appeared without giving any warning whatever. His wife became insensible on beholding him, and Victor had rushed away for medical assistance. When they reached the hotel, all danger seemed to have passed, and the returned traveler was listening with astonishment, anger, and contrition to the story of the sufferings of his family. For his own part, he had met with many perils and fatigues, which had disgusted him at last with a wandering life. He had been shipwrecked on a remote island, scalped, and escaped with his life only by a miracle. He admitted that he had been neglectful. His future life, however, should atone for the past.

He naturally resumed possession of his fortune, and established the legality of his marriage and the legitimacy of his children. Madame de Jarante at length understood all that happened to her, and might have returned into the society which had so readily cast her off; but, instead of seeking pleasure, she occupies herself in relieving the poor, in which benevolent occupation she is much assisted by Doctor Dubois. Her son and daughter both married well; and, although M. de Chesnel recently died in the fullness of years, the whole family now enjoys a happiness which it had never known before.

It may as well be mentioned that Doctor Dubois went the other day, with rather a confused look, to ask Victor to stand godfather to a son and heir which Bobonne—we beg her pardon—with which Madame Dubois had presented him.

CLASS DAY AT HARVARD.

REVIVAL OF ANCIENT COLLEGE CEREMONIES.

YES, I would fling aside the dreary drudgery of dollar-deling, and be a boy again! I would go to Harvard for "class day," visit the old haunts, fling back the two-and-twenty years that have cropped up between me and the dear old *Alma Mater*, and assume to *toga virilis* once again. A bright, fresh morning found me at the Hub. It was the 21st of June, and one of those bright June mornings when life seems at its keenest and brightest, when the sun's rays strike with a sense of new-born warmth; when the air heats and freshens the body; when one feels as though the eyes had suddenly grown clearer, and the world in which we walk had hitherto been looked at by us as through dim, dull and muddy spectacles. My heart bounded with pleasure as the Halls and Old Holdworthy, and "Rebellion Tree" came unto me—yes, came unto me, for the day is past and gone since I went unto them. The lines of rope were drawn across the trees in the college yard in preparation for the grand illumination. The "goodies," displaying unwonted activity, were here, there, and everywhere engaged in festive "touchings up," since the goodie is certain of largess on Class day, as the Harvard man, graduating honors, flings his gold north, south, east and west, after a right royal and becoming fashion. I was in time to witness the meeting of the Class opposite Old Holdworthy at ten o'clock, each member attired in a solemn suit of woe, and to accompany it, headed by the Boston Cadet Band, to Appleton Chapel, "heaven on," where Dr. Peabody asked the divine blessing for all. *Ay de mi*, but it is a sacred and a solemn moment! A few hours and life, grim, remorseless, cruel, will begin for those hale, hearty, handsome youths whose blood leaps in their veins and to whom the future is, oh, so full of the white blossoms borne on the tree of Hope. I bethought me of my Class day, and of the lion-hearted youths who shared its joyous and triumphant moments—where were they to-day? Ah, where indeed! After service we repaired—at least, I did—to the Sanders Theatre, which was already crowded with gossiping, expectant guests. At 11:15 the seniors, still in full regalia, met once more and marched to the theatre for the formal exercises of the day. A shadow came upon the sun—the Class day poet, Mr. Waters, had passed the Styx, and no man had been asked to don his mantle. The mower hath been busy, and spying the fairest, tenderest flower, ruthlessly cut it to the earth with his unerring scythe.

The orator, Mr. C. Moore, of Ypsilanti, Mich., chose: "The old parties are breaking up."

The evening oration, by Warren Kendall Blodgett, of Boston, was delivered with considerable humor. The manifold experiences from "Skip" to "Senior" were excellently well done, the sketch being witty, crisp, brief, and not "words—mere words."

The single syllable "spread" now burst into electrical vitality, and Pliny's fable smote the classical ones with unerring force. There were Sybarites at Harvard in my day; there are Sybarites in Harvard in this year of grace 1878. With Thackeray, I hold the mahogany to be inviolable, but I cannot refrain from uttering, even as I write, a gushing *Deo Gratias* for the meat and wine extended to me by the right hand of that good-fellowship which hovers, as it were, in the air on Class day. I stood in the yard gazing upwards at the windows whom occupied by the bended head of some hard cramming scholar, now *quantum inulatus ab illo*; the windows are there, but the scholars are nowhere, their places being usurped by dainty maidens in sheath-like garments of as many colors as there were Arabian Nights' entertainments, bright and glowing flowers growing from out the old gray walls.

I do not repair to the Memorial Hall, where

"A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

But, turning to the library, sought a well-remembered nook, wherein I ensconced myself, and bethought me of the history of the dear old halls I loved so well. I thought of the quaint entry on the records, under date 28th October, 1636: "The Court agreed to give £400 towards a school or college whereof £200 to be paid the next year, and £200 when the work is finished, and the next Court to appoint where and what building." And again, March 13th, 1639, "That the college agreed upon formerly to be built at Cambridge shall be called Harvard College." I was awakened from a reverie by the well-known Harvard "Rah! rah!" and, shaking myself together, descended to the inclosure in front of Rebellion Tree, whose smooth, worn bark, to the height of ten feet, had been hung

with garlands of glowing flowers, made up in a manner to bring tears of envy to the eyes of the *bouquetière* of the Paris Jockey Club. Standing between Hodin Chapel and Hollis and Harvard Hall, this lordly old elm is the centre of attraction for all. The Seniors came in and formed a ring, then the undergraduates took their places and formed their own circle, and then—the cheering commenced. What a cheer the Harvard cheer is! What a genuine jubilation in its ring! What a sound in the "Rah, rah!" The Seniors sang the Class song with hands joined, reminding one of the Scottish fashion of rendering "Auld Lang Syne"—ay, and sang it melodiously and well.

A signal, and the rush for flowers takes place. The pent-up torrent of college boys is let loose, and for a few seconds a scrambling, writhing, squirming mass of male humanity is seen surging around the good old tree. The race is to the swiftest, the best bouquet to the best biceps; and, considerably damaged in the tussle, the victors return from the arena, flowers in hand, to lay them, after a good knightly fashion, at the dainty feet of their respective "ladye loves." This fierce excitement over, the President received the Seniors and their friends far into the gloamin'; and then came the feast of Chinese lanterns, to the strains of sweet music, gotten up for the especial delectation of the "townies" from old Cambridge and the Port, and also with a view to inspiring the "sub fresh" with a proper sense of the splendor of Harvard on a Class day. I returned to Gotham twenty-two years younger than when I left home, the glorious "Rah, rah" ringing in mine ears as it used to do when life was but as a brilliant dream.

RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR LELAND STANFORD, SAN FRANCISCO.

WITHOUT an exception the finest private residence in America is that of the Hon. Leland Stanford, ex-Governor of California, situated on the corner of Powell and California Streets, San Francisco. From its windows a varied view of land and water—extending from the coast range to the Pacific, and from Angel Island southward, until the landscape fades away in the hazy distance beyond San José—can be had. The building, which is in the Italian style of architecture, has an extreme width, east and west, of 155 feet, and a depth of 130 feet. Without counting a number of apartments of small size, there are sixty elegant rooms in the dwelling. The facade is enriched by an elaborate portico, 50 x 14 feet, reached from Powell Street by a flight of thirty broad marble steps, and illumined by gas-lamps surmounting massive posts. Passing through the vestibule, the fortunate guest of the hospitable owner enters the grand hall, an apartment having a depth of 80 feet, a width at either end of 20 feet, and at the centre, where it broadens into a rotunda, of 30. Corinthian columns of red Aberdeen granite flank the entrance. Two immense mirrors relieve the wall of the front section. The frescoes challenge the highest admiration. Blue is the prevailing color; Florentine, the style; and a heavy gilt cornice the marginal relief and setting. Tasteful allegorical representations of Peace and Plenty are shown in beautiful colors, and the Latin legend, *Pax Vobis*, stands out invitingly in bold characters.

At the further end of the hall rises a solid mahogany staircase relieved by ebony, with balusters in imitation of antique vases, and the most elaborate newel post ever made in the United States. The floor of the long hall is laid with encaustic English tiling, in handsome patterns.

The rotunda alluded to is octagonal in general design, having the corners squared, and opens through a circular well, 25 feet in diameter, to the roof. In each corner is a lofty mirror, flanked by double columns of red Scotch granite, 12 feet high and 1 foot in diameter—16 in all. Huge sliding-doors of mahogany and ebony, with mirrors open on one side into the library, and on the other into the music-room and art-gallery, two of the largest rooms in the house. The well-opening is defended by a handsome railing, rising above rich panel-work. The floor of the hall below the rotunda is made in imitation of brecciated marble, small cubes of that material being laid in soft concrete and highly polished after hardening. In this way the signs of the zodiac are arranged in a circle and polished, forming a curious and attractive ornament. Just above, in the style of the frescoed ceiling, are allegorical representations of the days of the week. A person standing in the centre of the rotunda, with the doors open on either hand, sees in long perspective the numerous beauties of the hall, the grand staircase, the art gallery, the library, and above the second floor on the rounded ceiling of the rotunda beautiful pictures such as are rarely found except on the canvas of great artists.

The dining-room is in the southwest corner. It has two immense bow windows and a pleasant outlook over the southern part of the city, the bay and in the direction of Lone Mountain. Its size is about 50 x 30 feet. The frescoing is of intricate patterns, ornamented in great variety of design, with garlands of fruit and allegoric representations of the four seasons, and the four elements—earth, air, fire and water. The woodwork is of French and American walnut, relieved by rosewood and ash root sinkage—a pleasing combination. The buffet, which presents the same combination of woods, is the largest ever made in the country. It has a large centre mirror and a beveled mirror on each side. The immense Grotto slab which forms the top is 4 x 16 feet, and the largest ever imported. It is of a handsome mottled garnet color, variegated with spots of white. The recess of the west window is paved with encaustic tiles, and has a glass fountain, the principal piece of which is heavier than any glass casting ever made before in this country. The butler's pantry adjoining is finished with light colored woods in the intermediate Gothic style, and has all the modern improvements, including an electric annunciator, burglar-alarm and plate-warmer. The furniture of the dining-room, which is made to match the ceiling, is covered with a richly brocaded stuff not often seen in house-furnishing.

North of the dining-room, and opening westward from the rotunda, are the art-gallery and music-room, ivory finished, in neutral tints, in the style of Louis Seize. It shows a profusion of soft gray colors and gilding. The wall paper is of garnet-colored floss velvet of a deep, rich hue. The ceilings are finished in two panels in arabesque with soft, harmonious colors, closely studied to avoid unpleasant interference with the pictures on the walls. The panel of the apartment devoted to art is illustrated with appropriate trophies and symbols placed on escutcheons in the frieze; also, with admirably executed heads of Rubens, Raphael, Van Dyke and Michael Angelo, painted in medallion. The other portion of the room has music trophies and medallion heads of Beethoven and Mozart similarly arranged, and executed with equal skill and taste. The large parlor for state occasions is called the Pompeian room.

The ceilings are all on canvas, in the style

characteristic of the period represented, painted in Italy by celebrated artists. The woodwork is finished in ivory after the same school. There are numerous mirrors so arranged as to reproduce and recombine every elegant effect. The furniture, furniture coverings and window hangings correspond in design and finish with the other appointments of the room, which, though not the largest, is one of the most complete in the house.

The sleeping, billiard, family and reception-rooms and the library are furnished with corresponding liberality, nearly all having distinctive names.

Governor Stanford appears to be utterly devoid of the selfish element, and his friends in all parts of the world acknowledge him to be unequalled in the princely character of his entertainments.

THE TURKISH TERRITORIAL READJUSTMENT.

THE map given on page 317 shows the territorial readjustment made in Europe and Asia by the Treaty of San Stefano. That treaty provided that Bulgaria should be formed into an autonomous tributary province, with a national Christian government and a native militia; that the independence of Roumania, Servia and Montenegro should be recognized, and an increase of territory secured them; and that an autonomous administration should be granted to Bosnia and Herzegovina. The effort of the Congress now in session is to adjust the boundaries and determine the internal administrations of these several provinces, especially of Roumelia and Bulgaria. It is understood that the Turkish frontier shall be the line of the Balkans. The Roumanian delegates have presented a memorandum to the Congress claiming that their territory should be rendered neutral, left intact and not subjected to the passage of Russian troops. Roumania also claims the islands at the mouth of the Danube, a war indemnity, and a definite recognition of her independence. The task of settling the exact delimitations of the frontiers has been entrusted to a European Commission, which, it is believed, has been already appointed. It has been agreed also to dismantle the fortresses on the Danube and in Bulgaria. The Powers are said to be averse to a mixed European occupation of Bulgaria and Roumelia after the withdrawal of the Russians. The Prince of Bulgaria will be elected by duly chosen delegates, the election to be subject to ratification by the Powers.

A study of the map, in connection with the daily reports from Berlin, will enable each reader to understand fully the exact progress of events.

PARIS EXPOSITION NOTES.

ON the 10th of June His Excellency Midhat Pasha, accompanied by his son-in-law and his private secretary, Clician Vassif Efendi, honored the American section of the Exhibition with a visit. He was received at the offices of the United States Commission by Governor R. McCormick, who, in company with Mr. Pickering and several other gentlemen, showed him through the different parts of the Exhibition. Midhat Pasha took particular interest in the machinery, and on leaving expressed his satisfaction with his visit, and thanked Governor McCormick for his courtesy.

The pianos and organs in the various sections of the Exhibition are played every afternoon by performers of high talent, amongst whom are MM. Alfred Jaelli, Ed. Wolf, Quidant, Henry Ketten, Mile. Thérèse Gaillard, MM. de Kontski, Ferraris, and Mile. Thuillier.

Although the Exhibition gives every promise of being successful, there are many points left open to improvement. The restaurants, in particular, are not sufficiently numerous, and there are no restaurants with medium prices. The fact is, that the restaurants do not have such a good time of it as people think. According to the terms of the contract they pay six francs for every one thousand tickets registered at the guichets. Thus, on a recent Sunday the entries amounted to nearly one hundred and forty thousand. Each restaurateur would have to pay eight hundred and forty francs, or one hundred and sixty-eight dollars, for the day's rent. Unfortunately the Sunday visitors, belonging to the poorer classes, don't spend much, the restaurateurs lose money, and, of course, endeavor to compensate themselves triply another day—and so the public suffers after all.

A printing-office has been opened in the American department of the Exposition.

A Paris letter of June 12th says: "The Exposition is now quite on its legs, and is doing a good business. One day this week it had 198,700 visitors, which is 26,000 more than the best day of the Exposition of 1867. It would doubtless do still better were there greater facilities for getting to it."

The same correspondent says: "If the American department is meagre in things it is rich in men. The number of commissioners sent over by the General Government and States to superintend it is extraordinary. The Governor of one of the Southern States appointed every one as commissioner who was going abroad from his State. The French Government recognized forty-four commissioners, additional and honorary, appointed by the President, and naturally refused to recognize more from the States. Even the recognition of the forty-four can scarcely be called such, for but one man has any relations with the French management, and that is the Commissioner-General."

At last the exact cost of constructing the Paris Exhibition has been ascertained as \$9,060,000, being \$2,000,000 in excess of the original estimate—an excess declared to be due to the enlargement of plans and the resolution to make the Trocadéro a permanent building. The deficit is still, as formerly, estimated at \$2,000,000, and there is some idea of retaining most of the Champ de Mars buildings for grand festivals.

A grand festival in honor of the Exposition came off in Paris on Sunday, June 30th. The programme included decorations, illuminations, triumphal arches, fireworks, and orchestral and choral music in each arrondissement, a monster orchestral and choral *fiat* in the Gardens of the Tuilleries, special fireworks in the evening in the Place du Trône, Place d'Italie, and the Butte Montmartre; a grand torchlight procession, with electric lights, flambeaux, and fireworks, through the Bois de Boulogne

and Champs Elysées to the Gardens of the Tuilleries. The display was especially grand on the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne, which were ablaze with illuminated boats.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Dr. Nobel's Attempt to Assassinate the Emperor of Germany.

The infamous and atrocious deed of this political fanatic, in attempting to murder the venerable Emperor King William I. of Germany and Prussia, by a dastardly shot from a window in the street at Berlin, continues to excite stern indignation throughout the civilized world. Happily, the attempt has failed, and the Emperor will soon be restored to his usual health and hale condition. Our illustration shows the scene in the Avenue of Unter den Linden, when the Emperor, as he drove past the house on the 2d of June last, was twice shot by Nobel with a double-barrelled gun from the sixth window of the second floor of No. 18. The gun was loaded with small-shot and buck-shot, about thirty shots wounding the Emperor in the arms, back, head and face, but touching no vital part.

The British Indian Contingent at Malta.

The native troops ordered from India have all arrived safely at Malta, and are reported to be in good health and spirits, having suffered nothing by the voyage. Twelve steam vessels and sixteen sailing ships were employed in the transport service, and the total number of troops which they conveyed was 6,137, which included 105 European officers and 342 European soldiers. Besides these there were 1,398 camp followers, public and private, including "Packallies," men who convey water on bullocks; "Bheesties," ordinary water-carriers, and Dhoolie-bearers or ambulance men. There were also 1,933 horses and ponies and 49 bullocks. Shortly after the arrival of the last detachment of troops, and while the men were enjoying their "liberty" outside the barracks, the celebration of the feast of St. Paul occurred, causing the streets to be filled with motley groups, composed of ecclesiastics, the military, the foreign element and native sight-seers. As the religious procession passed up the Strada Reale the contrasts of nationality, costume and manners, were very novel to the stranger.

Observatory Erected at Ogden, Utah, by the French Commission, to Observe the Transit of Mercury.

It will be remembered that a French expedition was sent to the United States to observe the transit of Mercury, and that the observers chose Ogden, Utah, as the scene of their labor. The commission, which consisted of Messrs. Andre, director of the Observatory at Lyons; Angot, professor in the school at Fontaine; and Hall, hydrographic and marine engineer, arrived at Ogden on April 2d last. General Sherman had a detail of a sergeant, a corporal and four men made to escort the observers and handle their instruments; and Admiral Rodgers placed at their disposal a number of photographic apparatus, that had seen service during the transit of Venus in 1874. The commission received invaluable assistance from the officers and men of the United States Army engaged in the survey of the Territory, Ogden having been chosen as one of their principal points of triangulation. A small observatory, as shown in our illustration, was erected, and in it all the instruments were worked. After the passage of Mercury, the commissioners visited Mount Hamilton, Cal., the site selected for the great Lick Observatory. Professor Andre said that at no other place which they had visited in the world did they find everything so favorable for astronomical observations.

Reception by the Emperor of Germany to the Ambassadors from Morocco.

On the 20th of May last the Emperor William gave audience, in his palace in Berlin, to the special ambassadors of the Sultan of Morocco, commissioned to convey the thanks of His Majesty to the Emperor for the international courtesy of a visit made by the Prince Ferdinand of Prussia and daughter to Morocco two years ago. The Emperor received them in his uniform as a General of the Guard, attended by his full staff. The ambassadors, who were attired in native costume, brought, as presents to the Emperor, silk vestments, splendid horse-trappings, and a quantity of Oriental perfumes. Much curiosity was excited by the odd features of the reception.

Review of Indian Native Troops at Malta.

Our illustration of the first general review of the Indian native troops at Malta, held on Saturday, June 1st, on the Floriana Parade, will give the reader a good idea of the appearance of this important contingent. The cavalry, shown to the left hand, are the First Bombay Lancers, commanded by Colonel Blair, V. C.; the masses of infantry are the Thirtieth Bengal Native Infantry, under Colonel King; the Twenty-fifth Madras Native Infantry, under Colonel Gib; and the Thirty-first Bengal Native Infantry, to which were added the Malta Fencibles, on this parade, all in the vanguard array; whilst in the rear of these stand the Madras and Bombay Sappers, the Ninth Bombay Native Infantry (Colonel Thompson), and the Twenty-sixth Bombay Native Infantry, under Colonel Miles. The general commanding the whole contingent is Major-General Ross, C. B. In the background is seen the Quarantine Harbor, with some of the transports moored there; the *St. Ouyth*, screw-steamer, having the Second Ghorkas on board, lies outside the islet on which is Fort Manoel and the Lazzaretto. To the left hand, far in the background, is the encampment of the Twenty-fifth Madras Native Infantry. The suburbs of Sliema and St. Julian are seen in the distance.

The Fire at the Sublime Porte.

The Imperial Palace of Government at Constantinople, as is well known, takes its name of "the Sublime Porte" from a huge gateway of marble, leading into the outer and the inner quadrangle, around which stand the official residences of the Sultan's Ministers, including the Grand Vizier. Some of these premises have been destroyed by the conflagration which broke out on May 23d last, at a very early hour of the morning. Of the principal range of buildings, only the wings at each extremity remain. Of these wings, one was the Grand Vizierate, the other the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. The whole of the centre building, which contained the Ministries of the Interior, of Justice and of Public Instruction, the Council of State, the great Divan, with their numerous departments and offices, was consumed. This consisted of the basement, the ground floor and two floors above. The fire broke out in the Bureau des Procès-Verbaux of the Council of State, occupying the centre of the upper floor, and notwithstanding stone partition walls, swept rapidly along those interminable corridors which traversed the building from end to end. The origin of the fire is unknown, because all the apartments are put under the care of guardians an hour before sunset, when the functionaries leave. The building now destroyed was built thirty years ago, in the Grand Vizierate of Topal Izzet Pasha.

The Insurrection of May 30th at the Imperial Palace, Constantinople.

The Turkish Government has made every attempt to conceal the details of the affair at the Tcheragan Palace on the 20th of May last. It was reported at first that a riot had occurred before the Imperial Palace, origin-

ating with a body of refugees, who were going to present a petition to the Sultan, and that the disturbance had ceased before the arrival of the police. Later, it appeared that the alleged disturbance was an exposure of a regular organized conspiracy to dethrone the Sultan and restore Murad, who was in the palace at the time. The number of the revolutionists was estimated at from one hundred to five hundred, although the Government officially placed the number at thirty. The conspiracy was led by Ali Suavi, a hot-headed adventurer who had been exiled several times. He had been recently recalled from London, and appointed Director of the Lyceum, but was dismissed for mismanagement. He, thereupon, became needy, and affiliated with the refugees. It is said that the outbreak was carefully timed, when all the generals and prominent officials were absent at Buyukdere. Our illustration shows how the disturbance ceased before the arrival of the police.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE British Museum is suffering extensively from the theft of books, while there is no clue to the thieves.

—THERE are more than 2,000 photograph galleries in Paris, employing upwards of 18,000 persons, and doing a business of more than 30,000,000 francs a year.

—LAWN-TENNIS is now "the" fashionable game in England. It has superseded rinking and croquet in popular favor, and pervades the country like an epidemic.

—THE total production of silk cocoons amounted, upon an average, to 58,000 tons a year during the last five years. Italy produced for the most, 39,000 tons; France, 10,000; Turkey, 4,000; Spain, 2,200.

—It is stated that there are 8,000,000 pupils enrolled in the public schools of the United States. The average daily attendance is 4,500,000. The estimated population between six and sixteen years of age is 10,000,000.

—THE Danish town of Horsen shipped 2,000,000 eggs to Europe last year, and panicles have gone out of fashion in Denmark, where the price of eggs has advanced sixfold in the last few years in consequence of the foreign demand.

—A LETTER from a Government official in China announces the intention of the Chinese Government to take immediate measures for the opening of a large arsenal near Peking, at which stores are to be prepared to supply the wants of the whole Chinese army if necessary in case of war.

—FOUR duchesses endeavored to crown the statue of Joan of Arc in Paris, in spite of the Government warning not to make a manifestation on the 30th of May, and the ladies were walked off to a police commissioner. Now they threaten to bring the matter before the Council of State.

—A DECREE has been issued from St. Petersburg for the foundation of a university at Tomsk, in Siberia, and the buildings, the construction of which will cost about \$350,000, are to be ready in 1882, for the three hundredth anniversary of the annexation of Siberia to the Russian Empire.

—THE British Council of the Society of Arts offers its gold medal for the best means of saving life at sea when a vessel has to be abandoned suddenly, say with only five minutes' warning, the shore or other vessels being in sight. Appliances for the competition are to be sent in not later than the 31st of October.

—ITALY imported seven million dollars' worth of tobacco last year, in addition to the stock raised at home and valued at one and a half million dollars only. Italy has a good deal of land lying idle which might be utilized for the cultivation of the weed, whereby many strong arms that are now compelled to emigrate might be retained in the peninsula.

—IN a recent appeal to the trades of Great Britain and Ireland, the representatives of the striking operatives of Lancashire said that with their families they numbered 300,000 people; for seven weeks they had had no wages, which meant that "already 2525,000 in wages have been neither earned nor enjoyed;" and they added, "the funds at our disposal are exhausted."

—AN association known as the "Home Hospital Association" has been formed in London for the purpose of opening several small hospitals and convalescent homes for the upper and middle classes, where any one can obtain, on payment, all the advantages of hospital treatment, in addition to many of the comforts of home, not the least of which will be the attendance of his own doctor.

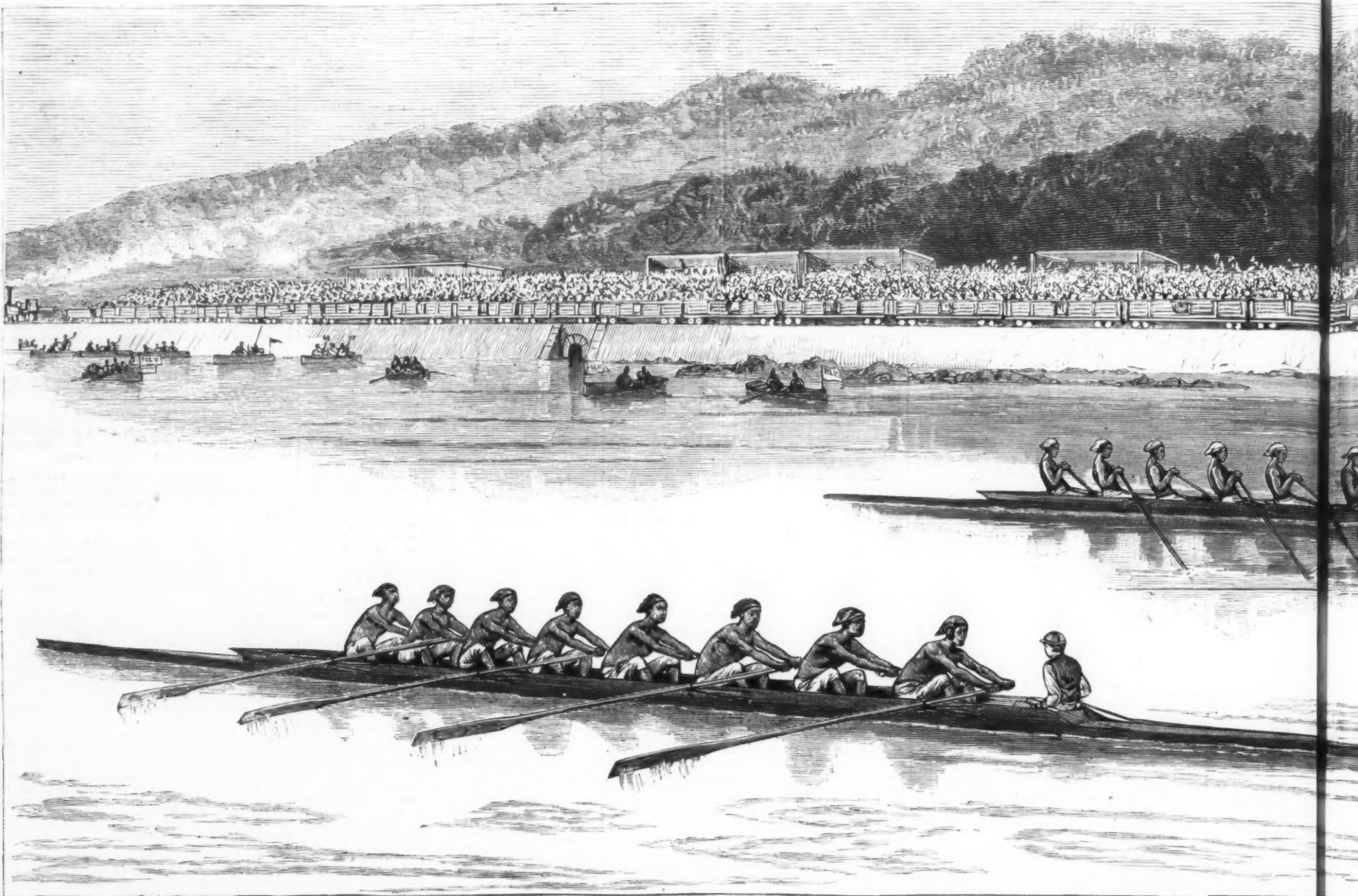
—IN the year 1877 494,391 persons were employed in and about the coal, fire-clay, ironstone and shale mines of Great Britain and Ireland. Of these 395,025 were employed underground, and 99,366 of whom 5,378 were females) employed above ground, thus showing, as compared with the respective numbers employed during the year 1876, a decrease of 20,141, namely 19,464 males and 677 females.

—A NOTABLE relic of old London has just passed away—the Green Dragon Inn in Bishopsgate Street. It was a curious old building with quadrangular inn-yard, surrounded by wooden balconies leading to the sitting-rooms and bedrooms on the upper floors, after the fashion of the White Hart Inn described in Pickwick, and its quaint dining-room was cut up into separate boxes by the dark and high partitions. It existed as far back as the Tudor and early Stuart times.

—THE most romantic incident connected with the Voltaire celebration was the formal opening of the windows of the room in which Voltaire died. The house, which forms the corner of the Quai Voltaire and the Rue de Beaune, belonged to the Marquis at the time of Voltaire's death; and, in memory of the great philosopher, she caused the windows to be closed immediately he expired, and a special clause in her will ordered that they should not be opened until a hundred years had elapsed from that date.

—THE growth of Japan as a naval power is becoming an element to be considered in the international questions involving the Pacific. The Japanese are beginning to build their own ironclads; and a Japanese ironclad, the *Zi-Ki*, which has lately been constructed and completed in the imperial arsenal at Yokoska, from the designs and under the superintendence of M. Chiboudier, a French naval architect, is now on her way to that country, via the Suez Canal, calling at the principal Asiatic and European ports.

—THE Chinese have a habit of carrying material for alcoholic drinks about with them in the form of powder called Kie-tsu, for the preparation of which certain manufacturers have obtained great celebrity. The powder is made from wheat or barley, with or without certain aromatic herbs, which has been subjected to fermentation and then pulverized. Rice is also used to make a liquor after a similar process. A spoonful of the powder mixed with water gives a drink which is greatly in request in the Flowery Land. Good brandy in this form would be invaluable in a campaign.



CONNECTICUT.—GREAT CONTEST BETWEEN THE CREWS OF HARVARD AND YALE UNIVERSITIES, AT NEW LONDON, FRIDAY, JUNE—VI

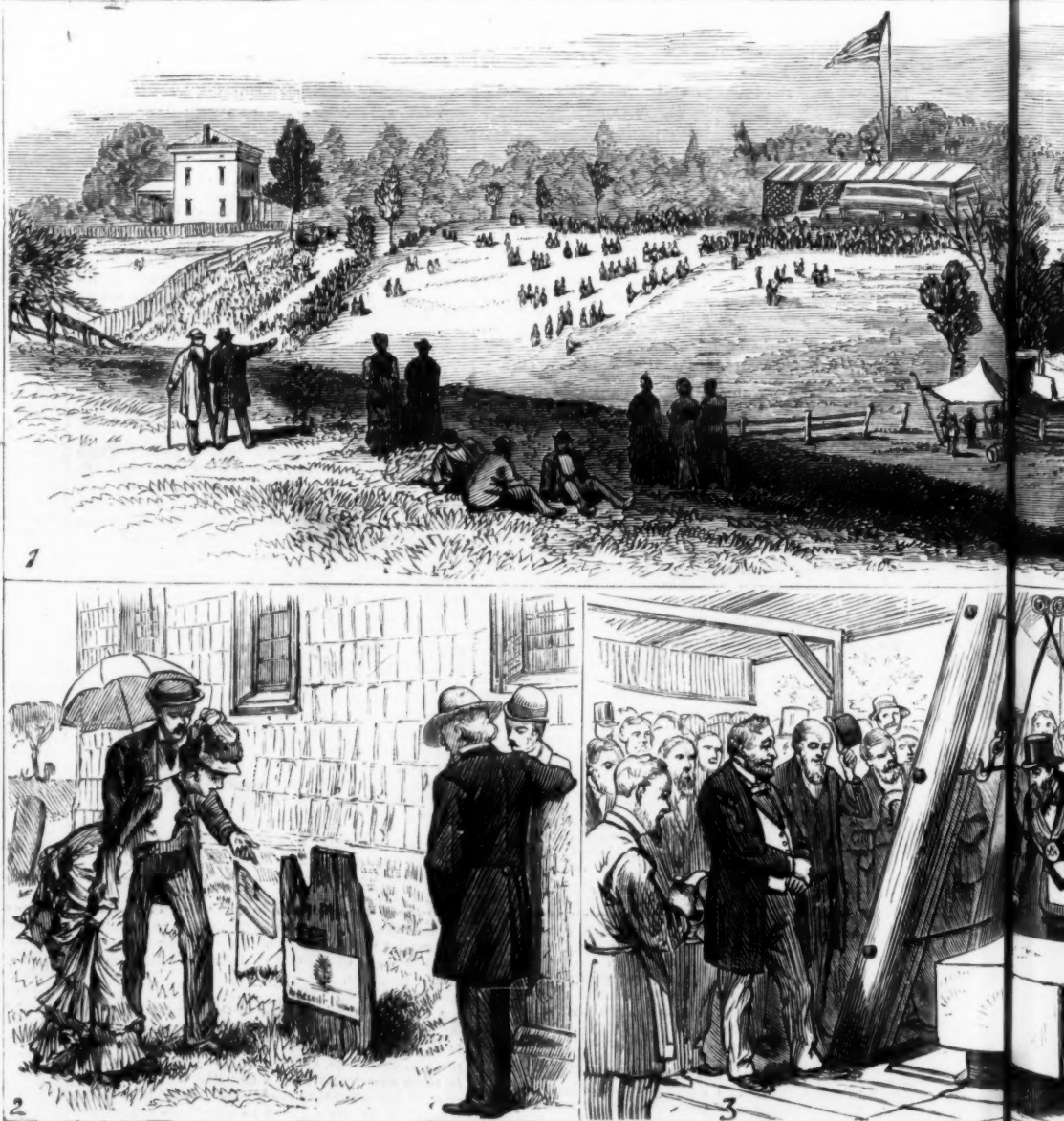
HON. SAMUEL HAND, JUDGE OF THE NEW YORK COURT OF APPEALS.

JUDGE HAND, who is about forty-five years of age, was born at Elizabethtown, in the County of Essex, a beautiful village in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, about eight miles west of Lake Champlain. He is the second son of Augustus C. Hand, who had been Representative in Congress, Senator and member of the former Court of Errors, and Justice of the Supreme Court in the Fourth Judicial District, and who died at Elizabethtown in March last, leaving behind him an enviable reputation, richly deserved by a long and honorable life.

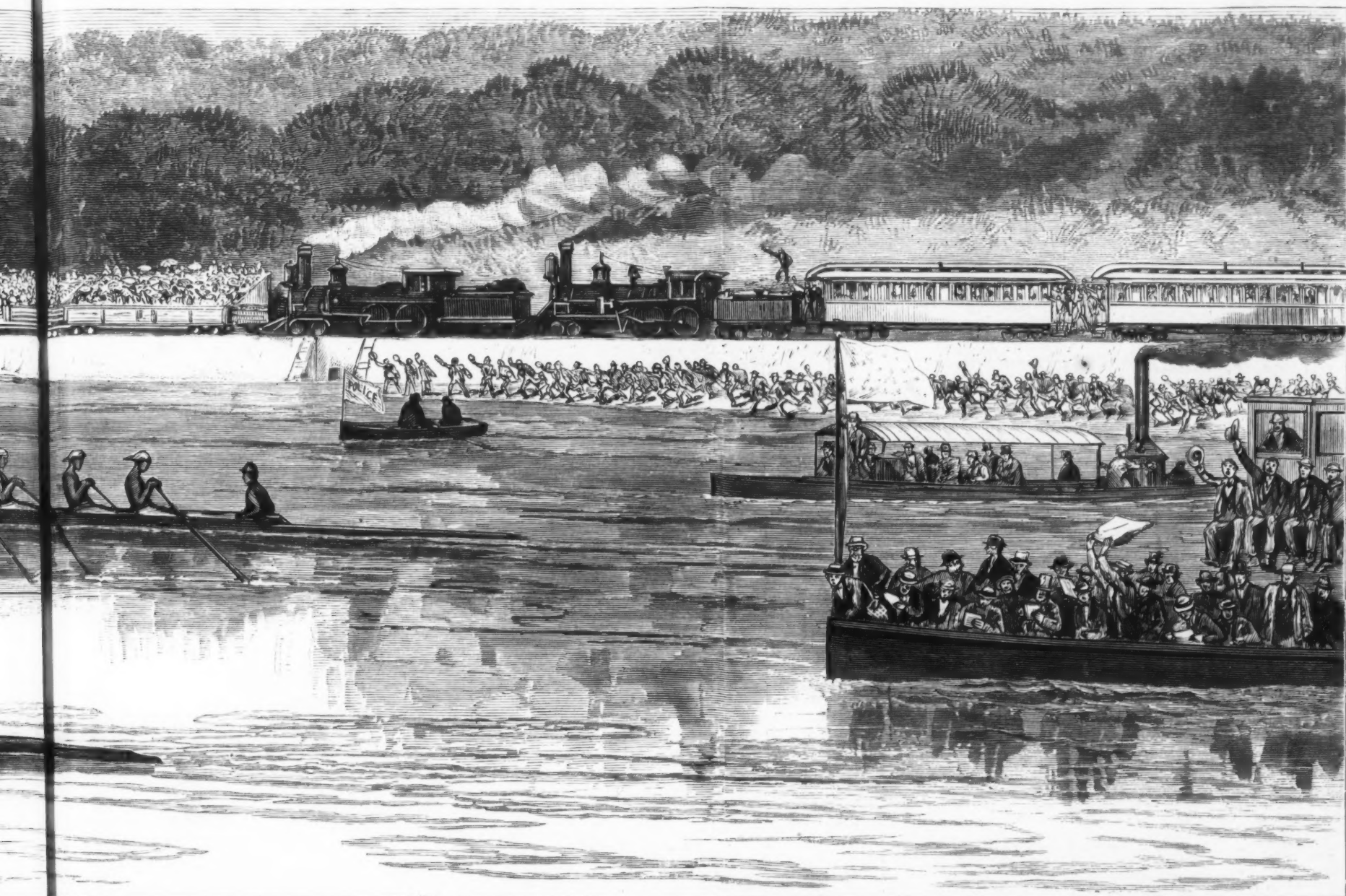
Judge Samuel Hand graduated from Union College, at Schenectady, in 1851, in his eighteenth year, studied his profession in the office of his father (then Judge) at Elizabethtown, was admitted to the Bar at Ballston Spa in 1854; was in practice with his father (after he left the Bench) until 1859, when he returned to Albany, and was for a short time asso-



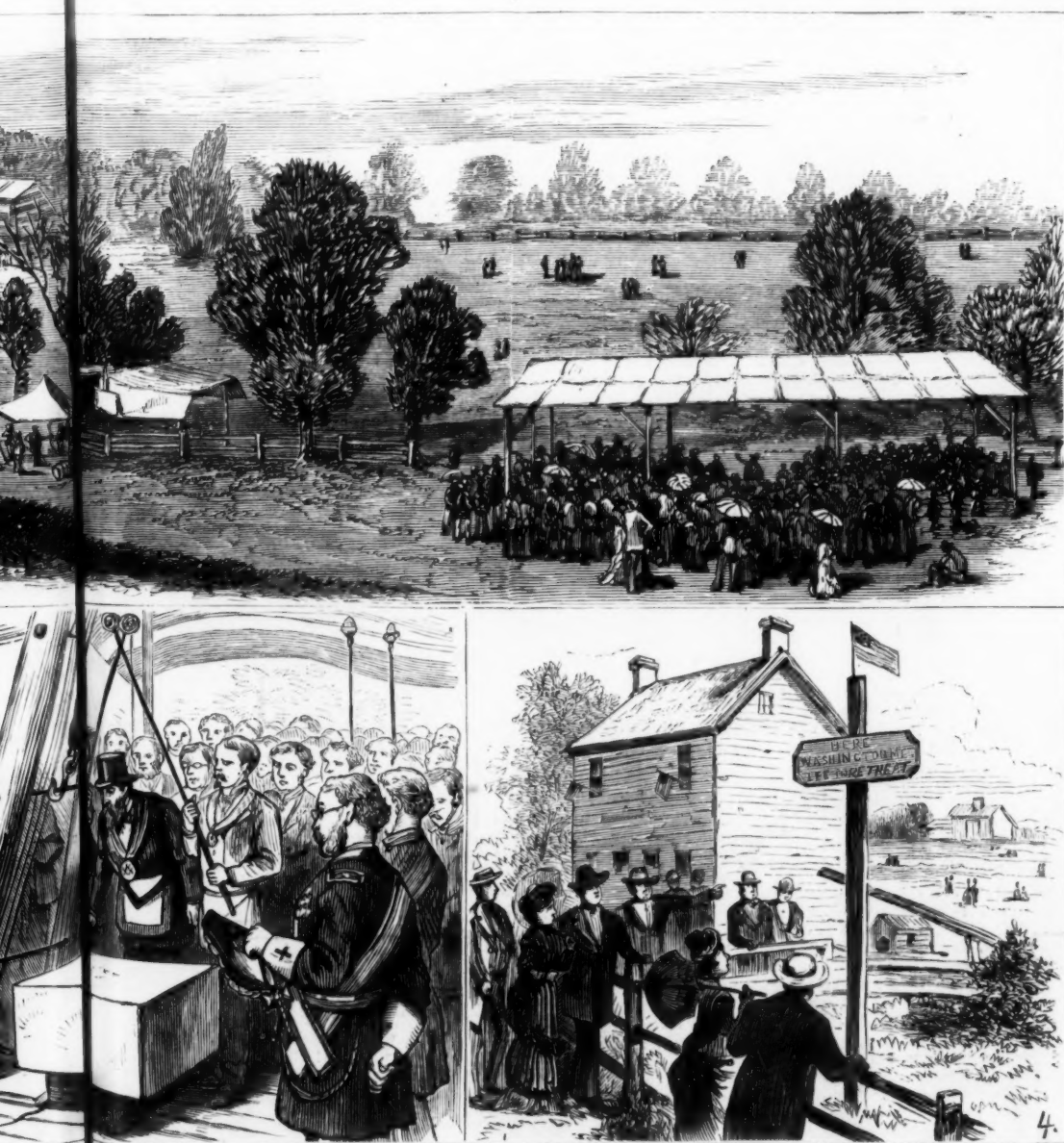
NEW YORK.—HON. SAMUEL HAND, NEWLY-APPOINTED JUDGE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M'DONALD, OF ALBANY.



1. GENERAL VIEW OF MONMOUTH PARK, WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT. 2. GRAVE OF COLONEL MONCKTON. NEW JERSEY.—ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH—LAYING THE



JUNE 13.—VIEW OF THE RACE FROM GALE'S FERRY, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE START.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 323.



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A MEMORIAL MONUMENT, JUNE 28TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 323.

ciated with the late Mr. John V. L. Pruyn. The law firm founded at Albany by Nicholas Hill and Peter Cagger has been distinguished in the annals of the Bar of the State. Of the qualities that gave to Mr. Hill his proud place in the foremost rank of advocates it is not necessary to remind any lawyer. As kindly of heart and almost as quaint as Charles Lamb, he devoted himself and his great abilities wholly to the labor and learning required for the highest service of his profession. Mr. Cagger, on the other hand, avoiding all effort at advocacy, was an admirable attorney and man of affairs, and was noted for his versatility and tact, as well as for the genial and unobtrusive simplicity of his character.

After the death of Mr. Hill, Mr. Cagger retaining his own special province, Mr. John K. Porter assumed the charge of arguments in the Court of Appeals, and in 1861 Mr. Hand was associated with them as junior counsel. When Judge Porter left the firm to take his seat upon the Bench, Mr. Hand became, almost by force of circumstances, an advocate in that Court. His solid learning and ability, and the integrity and fidelity with which he



WASHINGTON, D. C.—MRS. AGNES D. JENKS, WHO CLAIMED THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE SHERMAN LETTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY.—SEE PAGE 322.

discharged his trust as counsel, soon won and have firmly retained for him a large measure of confidence and respect from his brethren throughout the State. In January, 1869, Judge Hand was appointed the reporter of the Court of Appeals. With no slight labor and difficulty he freed this series of important reports from the disorder and confusion into which they had fallen, and restored to them the clearness, scholarly tone and reliability for which the previous reports of Mr. Hill, Judge Denio, and their immediate successors, Messrs. Comstock, Kernan and Selden, were models. Having accomplished this task, he resigned the office, and was succeeded by Mr. Sickels, the present incumbent. In private life Judge Hand is reputed to be a gentleman of unswerving character and of rare attainments as a scholar in the classics and in modern literature of various languages.

ROY'S WIFE.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED).

SOCIETY has complied with a code of its own for which it is answerable to itself, and has ruled that "one person may steal a horse while another must not look at a halter." The principle is sufficiently elastic, and it has been so liberally extended of late that the horse stealers are increasing every day. I do not mean to imply that Lady Jane was one of these. Her conduct, though imprudent, originated in the only natural and healthy impulse of her artificial life. In girlhood she had liked John Roy honestly enough—had loved him, indeed, in so far as she was capable of that unworldly sentiment. She gave him up, perhaps, too readily, but who knows what amount of pressure was put on her in her own family? The female department has its secrets in the households of Mayfair as of Stamboul. I dare say she often lay awake crying, and envied the sweeps or the milkman when her mamma thought she was sound asleep. I dare say, while she stood at the altar in that love of a wedding-dress (*corange Louis Quatorze*), she glanced approvingly at her bridegroom, who was as spruce as a new pin, and admitted that she liked him better than anybody in the world—"bar one!" So she made Mr. de Banier a good wife enough, managing his house, ordering his dinner, and contradicting him no more than was absolutely necessary before his servants or his guests. She nursed him, too, kindly and tenderly through his last illness, and, perhaps, never felt so attached to him in her life as the day the doctor gave him over. For weeks after the funeral she refused to see a soul, going softly about the house with a pale face and red eyes; so that the very maids declared they "never thought her ladyship had been one to take on like that!" And she put up a monument to his memory, unequalled in hideousness, that cost the best part of a thousand pounds.

When she found herself a rich widow, still handsome, in the prime of life, was she to be wholly debarred from those pleasures of the heart she had given up so dutifully to obey papa and mamma? Lady Jane thought not. She saw men in society every day on whom she might have set her affections with the certainty of a return; but she had always been fastidious, and now seemed more than ever hard to please. This one was vulgar, the other overbearing, a third hunted, a fourth smoked, and the vacant situation had not yet been filled on the afternoon when she went out shopping in her victoria, and met Mr. Roy.

She experienced a want in life which the society of her children—two slips of girls and a fat-headed little boy—proved quite inadequate to supply. There are women for whom the interests of a nursery can be the end and aim of existence; but Lady Jane, though a kind, even an indulgent mother, was not one of these. She had dreamed her dreams, as the most practical of us will; had even imagined an ideal of her own, an impossible person, full of antagonistic qualities, good and bad, which misty phantom she dressed in the remnants of her old, worn-out attachment, and believed that it reminded her of Mr. Roy; was it likely that she should let him go when he came once more within range of her attractions—a lonely man, ill-used, disappointed, with a history, and, perhaps, none the less desirable that he hung just out of reach, and was not exactly free? I am little surprised, for one, that she should have asked him to tea, and then to dinner, and afterwards to come and see her whenever he liked. Finally, that she made her servants understand she was always at home to Mr. Roy, and to nobody else when he called.

"Love is of man's life a thing apart," says Byron. I fear that with the ruder and less sensitive half of our species, this delightful fallacy requires certain favorable conditions, both of body and mind, to become the one engrossing occupation of both. Love-in-idleness, however, is a plant that needs but little care or culture to arrive at rich maturity. Like the young trees of the thrifty Scotsman, it is growing while we are sleeping; and a man who has nothing to do finds plenty of time for folly when the occasion offers.

John Roy, neglecting his duties as a country gentleman and landowner, living vaguely from hand to mouth, as it were, at a London hotel, undecided how to act, with no certain task for today, no definite intentions for to-morrow, was of all people in the world the most likely to drift into some egregious absurdity, from a mere sense of helplessness and discouragement, a morbid conviction that it was impossible for him to keep straight; and even if he did, by painful self-denial, succeed in following the right road after all, what was the good!

But he was by no means happy; his self-love had been grievously wounded; and Lady Jane's continued preference, however flattering, could not heal the sore. It was pleasant, no doubt, and not very expensive, to send her bouquets, and paper-cutters, and stalls at the French play. He experienced a certain excitement in watching her appearance at a party, in catching her eye across a room, with the consciousness that there was a something between them in which the bystanders had no share; and in put-

ting her affectionately into her carriage when she went away. Still there was also a sense of sameness about the whole affair; he was going over the old ground that had been traversed often enough before; and a path even of roses may become wearisome when it has to be trodden again and again. We catch ourselves saying precisely the same things to Mary that we said to Jane; Susan's pressure of the hand is exactly like poor Henrietta's; and how can we send out flowers to Margaret without repeating the message that used to be forwarded with her posies to Kate? Sometimes he admitted that, even if he had married Lady Jane, he might have got tired of her. Did he ever feel tired of Nelly? No! A thousand times no! Annoyed, irritated, provoked, fancying he wished he had never seen her—but weary of her?—certainly not. In his married life there had been nothing irksome, nothing out of character, nothing of that continued sense of effort which is so exhausting to a man in a false position, and which made him feel something akin to relief, rather than disappointment, on those rare occasions when he passed an afternoon without dancing attendance on Lady Jane.

How could he be happy while continually at war with himself? Now he would seek Nelly out, no matter where she was hiding; humble himself at her feet, and entreat her to return to a home that should never be entered but by their own two selves. Anon he resolved to take legal measures for a separation, nay, move heaven and earth for a divorce, that he might put an end to this unsatisfactory state of things by a marriage with Lady Jane. And still he lived on from day to day, settling nothing, doing nothing, alternately making and breaking resolutions of amendment, but calling, nevertheless, at No. 27 as persistently and nearly as often as the penny post.

CHAPTER XX.—A BLUE-JACKET.

IN the meantime Nelly settled down to her former habits at the Corner Hotel, much to the gain of that establishment in matters of cleanliness and comfort. Mrs. Phipps, who had missed her sadly, while protesting against her own selfishness, could not but rejoice to have her back, estimating at its real value her niece's supervision of a continually changing household. Mrs. Roy, who now chose to call herself Mrs. John, as a compromise between the assertion of a married woman's dignity and the independence of an *alias*, resumed without a murmur the old leather stool on its three high legs, the folio volumes ruled in red ink, the long quills, the bunches of keys, and other appliances of that authority which was exercised from her seat of government—a glass cage off the entrance-hall, secluded from the light of day.

Servants and tradespeople saw little difference in her demeanor. Punctual, exact, methodical, always decided, while always courteous, she might be graver in manner and slower in gesture than of old, but that was all. "Mrs. John had known trouble," they observed, "along of a good-for-nothing 'usband." Such a calamity, being in no way remarkable, demanded little pity and less surprise. Only her aunt looked below the surface. Mrs. Phipps, vexed and saddened, told herself that Nelly was breaking her heart for an unworthy object, as she phrased it, "out of sheer nonsensical trumpery and trash."

It was not long before the good woman boiled over and spoke out.

"You'll do yourself a mischief, my dear," she expostulated, when, coming down to breakfast earlier than usual one morning, she found Nelly reading the Bible, bathed in tears. "I wonder as you haven't more pride, I do. If it was me, I'd never so much as waste a thought on a man who could conduct himself like Mr. Roy, except to thank my stars I was well rid of him. I've no patience with you, nor him neither. A haughty, arbitrary, unfeeling, unprincipled Herod. That's what he is, and I wish he may be punished like Herod, and worse!"

"Why should you blame him, auntie," answered Nelly, "if I don't? Didn't he come here after me, and couldn't I go back to him any moment if I chose? But I don't choose. It would only be misery for him and for me. Think what a dreadful thing for a man to be ashamed of his wife."

"Ashamed, Nelly? How can you speak so random? There's shame enough, I'll not deny it, but none on our side. In my opinion, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Queen, or the Lord Mayor, or somebody, should have the power of undoing such a marriage as yours, just as if you had never been asked in church at all."

"Suppose I don't wish it undone?"

"Suppose the moon was made of green cheese! You ought to wish it—you ought to insist on it; and if I had to pay twenty lawyers twenty times over, I'd spend my last shilling, but I'd see you righted. You've no spirit, Nelly, no more hadn't your poor mother. I only wish it was me. If they could keep me down like that, I'd let 'em."

"It's no use worrying, auntie. People think so different. Why are both of us to be miserable? Surely one's enough. I dare say I expected too much. I have been disappointed, and must bear it the best way I can. I've always got you left, and a happy home here, haven't I, as long as I like?"

"Happy home, indeed! Yes, it was a happy home before I let you go to that sinful place, Beaumont, and I wish the sea would rise to-night and wash clean over it, I do! Forgive and forget, says they, but I am one of them that can't forgive, and won't, even though I might forget. Nelly, how can you look me in the face and mention the word *happy*, with your eyes as red as a chimney-sweep's, and all your beautiful color gone?"

"Nobody is quite unhappy who is doing right, auntie. I may be a little low and out of spirits now, I don't deny it; but perhaps it's my own fault, thinking too much of things that cannot be helped. It will wear off after a time. Don't distress yourself about me. And, auntie dear, if Mr. Roy should come and ask to see us, don't you fly in his face and be so short with him as you were last time, for my sake."

"Why, Nelly, you are not going to say you'd go back?"

"No, dear. I scarcely think I should if he asked me ever so. But we won't speak of that. Who can tell what is going to happen, or where we may all be this day week? I don't care to look forward much. I'm quite content to stay as I am, only if you see me rather down sometimes don't you take notice. I'm such a silly that a word of kindness sets me off crying in a moment, and I can't stop."

"Crying, indeed!" concluded Mrs. Phipps. "I'd set some folks crying to a pretty tune if I had my way. There, Nelly, you could always coax your old aunt to do whatever you asked, from the time you was in short frocks. I'll say no more; and if I could only see you look a little brighter, with a bit of color in your cheek, there wouldn't be a happier woman than me between here and St. Paul's!"

So the good lady retired to the basement, where she could forget her vexation among those domestic implements she delighted to see in use; while Nelly ruled another column in the ledger, and made out their week's bill for a family on the second floor, with unfailing accuracy of mind and finger, but with a heavy heart longing to be far away.

"Quite a superior person that Mrs. John," said the ostensible head of the family on the second floor, to its actual ruler. "So quiet, so ladylike, and—handsome I should say, my dear; shouldn't you?"

"I scarcely looked at her," replied his wife, whose feminine eye had scanned every feature of Nelly's face, every article of her clothing, with critical inspection. "Possibly she may be attractive to people who admire that style. I confess I cannot interest myself about a barmaid!"

"Of course not, my dear," was the meek rejoinder, equally sincere. "I only caught a glimpse of her by accident. I dare say I was mistaken. Can I do anything for you in the Haymarket? I thought of going as far as the club."

Must I admit that he lingered in the passage, asking for letters he had no reason to expect, so as to have another look at Mrs. John, if only through the blurred and dingy panes of her glass cage?

Nor was this worthy gentleman—a roundabout person of mature age, under strict control of his wife—the only visitor who appreciated her attractions. Every stranger of the male sex coming to engage rooms, whether he went away disappointed or remained rejoicing, paid his tribute of respectful tones and admiring glances to the pale, sad, handsome woman who seemed to superintend this establishment. Friends of Mrs. Phipps, suddenly remembering they had been shamefully negligent, began to make afternoon calls with increasing frequency, lingering and loitering in hopes of being invited to tea, until some of the more persistent discovered that the aunt presided alone over this agreeable refreshment, and the niece was satisfied with a solitary cup and plate in her glass house. She kept them at a distance all alike, and, if not unconscious of their admiration, accepted it with calm disgust, as a necessary adjunct to the situation, like blacks in the milk-jug, or beetles on the kitchen floor.

So the weeks dragged on. Easter set in as usual with sleet and snow; the sweeps were too cold to dance with any attempt at merriment on May-day; and Her Majesty's Drawing-room was held in a pouring rain, that ladies clothed in virtue and loyalty, but otherwise most insufficiently clad, only hoped might be the forerunner of a thaw.

Everything seemed dismal enough. Tradesmen "supposed we would have a dull season," there was no news at the clubs, and those who make dinner-conversations asserted incredible statistics of houses to let and coachmen out of place.

But people thronged into town, nevertheless. The authorities seized this opportunity to pick up the principal thoroughfares, so that London, in its main streets, became impassable for many hours of the day. Only by exercise of exceeding patience and dexterity, could the driver of a four-wheeled cab thread his way along the Strand, and when one of these vehicles stopped at the door of the Corner Hotel, Corner Street, the cabman grinned his thanks for an extra shilling, as having obeyed his fare's injunctions to "steer small."

Mrs. Phipps happened to meet this fresh arrival in the entrance. At the first glance she made a bounce that seemed to lift her a foot from the ground, and it is no reflection on her sense of propriety to affirm that she resisted with difficulty a strong impulse to fling her arms round his neck and hug him to her breast.

"What cheer, Mr. Brail?" she exclaimed, between laughing and crying, in the exuberance of her welcome. "What cheer? as you taught us to say before you sailed, and now I can't believe my eyes to see you back, and you looking so well and hearty, not a pin the worse!"

"The worse!" he repeated, taking both her hands; "why should I be the worse? Such a welcome as a man seems to get from all hands when he sets his foot on shore might bring him into port again though he had cleared out for the other world. England, home, and beauty, Mrs. Phipps—that's the ticket! This is home, and you are beauty. Now, can you give me a bed?"

"Ah! you're the same man still! I'm sure I wonder how you keep your head on without somebody to hold it down! It wouldn't have been you, of course, to have thought of writing beforehand."

"I knew you would like a pleasant surprise, my dear lady. I must have a bed here in the old shop, and that's all about it!"

She looked affectionately in his frank, open face, tanned by exposure to the color of mahogany, contrasting well with his short, crisp, light-brown hair, bearing sailor written on every line, and in thorough keeping with his square, sinewy figure, his loose, powerful limbs.

"I'm full," she said, "up to the attics. I sent away a French family not an hour ago; but I would rather turn out myself, and sleep on the kitchen-dresser, than not make room for you. Where is your luggage?—your traps, as you call them. Leave them there in the passage, while I go and ask Nelly what's to be done."

"Nelly! Miss Burton! Is she here still? Not spliced yet, nor you neither, Mrs. Phipps! That's even more extraordinary! If I'd known you were

going to keep single for my sake, I would never have stayed away all this time cruising after the North Pole!"

"Go along with you!" she answered, pushing him into her sitting-room. "You're no better than you always was, and you'll never mend your ways now; but, bad as you are, I've laid awake many a stormy night thinking of you, and I am more than pleased, young man—I am humbly thankful to see you back at home once more!"

Collingwood Brail, Esq., Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, lately of Her Majesty's ship *Aurora*, paid off after the Arctic Expedition, had frequented this Corner Street Hotel since the time when he used to run up from Portsmouth on a week's leave, as mischievous a midshipman as ever nibbled a biscuit or cut a brother reefer's hammock down by the head. His frank boyish manners and kindly disposition wound themselves round the heart of his landlady, who darned his stockings, mended his shirts, and overhauled his kit generally on so many occasions that she began to consider him almost as a son. Once when, after a long stare at the monument to Sir John Franklin near the Duke of York's column, he found his pocket picked of every shilling he possessed, she insisted on keeping him till his leave expired, without sending in her bill, and then lent him a five-pound note to take him back to his ship. She was fond of relating how, in process of time, he returned the amount of his debt in full, not forgetting gratuities to the servants, by the hand of a staid messmate, who did not conceal, perhaps, that the scraping of such a sum together out of daily pay was indeed, as young Brail described it, "a tight fit." After he was "made," he wrote to her from the Tagus—she had not an idea where it was, but prized her ship-letter all the more, producing it with great importance at tea-parties and such occasions of festivity, where it formed the principal topic of conversation.

"It's not out of sight out of mind with the blue-jackets," she would say, wiping her eyes; "and the warmest hearts you will find in this world of ours, take my word for it, are the hearts of oak!"

Many a time when a gale of wind swept over London, bringing showers of soot and dirt, with here and there a chimney-pot crashing into the street, her blood ran cold to realize the dangers her young sailor-friend must encounter ten thousand miles off, where, perhaps, he was pacing the deck, impatient, in a dead calm, whistling for the breeze.

She could never be brought to understand this, entertaining a profound conviction that day and night a seaman was always battling for life; and she regarded every member of the profession as a hero and martyr, with a turn for conviviality and light comedy that rendered him the pleasantest companion in the world.

Next to her niece there was nobody for whom she entertained so strong a personal regard as Collingwood Brail.

And the man deserved it. Every inch of him was gentleman and sailor—the finest combination in the world. Plain and downright in conversation, but of a pleasant good-nature that made it impossible to be rude, he would differ with you frankly, but never put you in the wrong; utterly devoid of affectation in dress, manner and sentiments, he was scrupulously courteous and polite, without yielding a jot of his own independence or self-respect. Exceedingly deferential to women, he did not seem to imply that they belonged to a different order of beings either above or below his own; and to offend one by word or deed would have appeared to him no less unmanly than to hurt a child. As in person he was strong without being clumsy, active without being restless, so, morally, he possessed good sense without pomposity, and courage without bravado.

Then, besides these solid qualities, Mr. Brail had a hundred trifling accomplishments, due to his nautical training, invaluable in social life. Nobody organized a picnic, even to the tying-up of the hampers, with such facility and such success. It seemed as if he could turn his hand to anything, whether it were picketing the horses, lighting a fire in the copsewood, or washing plates and dishes when all was done, and he had danced a hornpipe in and out the crockery without damage to a single article. In a country house, too, he was never late for breakfast, never sleepy at night, dressed quicker and turned out neater than any dandy in the company; shot well if he was asked, fished if they wanted him, rode to bounds with unbounded nerve, if little judgment; and under any conditions would have thought it as disgraceful to confess he was a pickpocket as to admit he was bored!

With the success he achieved in his own profession we have nothing to do, but it is easy to understand how such a character would be welcome everywhere to men, and exceedingly popular with women. When Mr. Brail paid one of his visits to Corner Street as a lieutenant of a year's standing, he found no difficulty in obtaining his share of those gayeties which are supposed to enliven the London season. It was at a flower-show in the Horticultural Gardens that our light-hearted sailor lost his liberty for good in a casual introduction to Miss Bruce. Never before had he found himself unequal to such social occasions, or utterly undone and consumed by a pair of bright eyes that only meant to enliven and to warm. It was all up with him in less than ten minutes. A handsome girl bending over the azaleas; a crafty old lady enjoying his discomfiture; an introduction; a bow; a walk to the next tent, and he was a free man no longer. To use his own words, "He hauled down his colors at the first shot, and for that kind of service never had the heart to hoist them again!"

(To be continued.)

MRS. AGNES D. JENKS.

MRS. AGNES D. JENKS, who has achieved a wide notoriety by the manner and character of her testimony before the Potter Investigating Committee, appears to possess a natural aptitude for political intrigue, and has been for some years actively concerned in the peculiar politics of Louisiana. Ever since Mrs. Jenks was in Washington, in January last, seeking interviews with Secretary Sherman and Senator Matthews, and submitting to interviews with newspaper correspondents, she has

been supposed to possess valuable information touching the conduct of the visiting statesmen to New Orleans, when the Packard Government was in process of dissolution, and the schemes by which it was effected, and also to be the repository of important facts bearing upon the Electoral count in that State. It was said the celebrated so-called Sherman letter, promising to reward Messrs. Weber and Anderson for "standing firm," was among the documents she carried to Washington in January last, and that she intended to use it as a means of procuring office for her husband, and his and her political friends, including Mr. James E. Anderson. Upon her examination, however, she swore that Mr. Sherman never wrote the letter in question, but that she dictated it herself to a person whose name she refuses to give. The cross-examination drew out of her the additional fact that it she could, in January last, have succeeded in obtaining a private interview with Secretary Sherman in Washington, the whole matter would have been then and there explained to him. He would not grant the interview, and she would not explain the matter before his secretaries. She wished, however, in the presence of the Committee to entirely exonerate Mr. Sherman "from any complicity, direct or indirect" in the so-called Anderson-Weber guarantee. "If," she added, "there is criminality in the document, or political dishonor attached to it, I alone know the *alpha* and *omega* of it. No one knows aught in regard to it, and I do not think I shall tell you anything more." Mrs. Jenks carried herself before the Committee with a jaunty, piquant unconcern which is described as inimitable, and in her responses to General Butler proved fully a match for the astute lawyer.

Mrs. Jenks is about thirty-five years of age, of about medium height, rather stout, but with a form that is still shapely. Her hair is light auburn, her face is nearly round, the chin firm, but not square and heavy. Her eyes are cold, steely gray, and the nose is long and straight, but not very prominent. The expression of the face is cold, calculating and passionless.

THE MONMOUTH CENTENNIAL.

THE Battle of Monmouth, New Jersey, fought June 28th, 1778, was practically the last great battle of the Revolutionary War, and it was fit that an event so rich in historical memories should be commemorated with imposing ceremonies. The centennial celebration, which took place at Freehold on the 28th of June, attracted some twenty thousand visitors to the scene, who spent the day in visiting the prominent points on the old battlefield, and in more direct participation in the exercises of the occasion, which included a military display, the laying of the corner-stone of a monument, orations, etc. The day was ushered in by salutes of cannon, and at noon a procession, consisting of regiments of the Second New Jersey Brigade, the Grand Lodge of Masons, escorted by Iliadus Commandery of Knight Templars, State officials, veterans of the War of 1812, of the Mexican War and of the Rebellion, and civic societies, moved to the site of the proposed monument, where the corner-stone was laid with Masonic ceremonies. Subsequently there were speeches from two stands by ex-Governor Joel Parker, Hon. Samuel S. Cox, ex-Governor William A. Newell, General Carrington, B. W. Throckmorton and others. The site of the monument was given by the estate of Mr. D. Schanck, and is situated within the limits of the town of Freehold, near the spot where the first gun in the battle of Monmouth was fired and the first American soldier spilled his blood in the action.

The monument will be a plain granite shaft, and will cost about \$10,000. The grounds attached to the monument include three acres. One of the main points of interest to visitors was the old Tenth Church, behind which Lee lay with his command, and in the graveyard of which many of the dead of that day are buried. The unfortunate British General Monckton who met "Mad" Anthony Wayne's charge and was killed, lies just under one of the church windows. For a long time his grave was indicated only by the letters "Col. M.," rudely cut on one of the shingles underneath the window, until William H. Wilson, a Scotchman who taught school in Freehold, placed at the head of the grave many years ago a board with an inscription. Now the board is split lengthwise and held together at the top by a piece of hoop-iron. It is discolored by age, a large part of it has rotted away, or has been broken off by relic-hunters, and the inscription is almost effaced. The committee of the celebration had nailed upon the board a Union Jack and the white Federal banner, bearing a pine-tree and the words, "An Appeal to Heaven." All of the headstones of the Revolutionary soldiers are of quaint design, and many of them are so overgrown with lichen that the inscriptions are almost illegible.

UNIVERSITIES AFLOAT.

ANOTHER VICTORY OF HARVARD OVER YALE AT THE OAR.

FRIDAY, the 28th day of June, in this year of grace, 1878, was a notable day for that most picturesque, shiny, elm-sheltered, ocean-caressed, white-cottaged, coquettish little town, New London. The clerk of the weather came a-wooling of Dame Nature, and that worthy lady, with all the flirting propensities of an *ingénue*, arrayed herself in her daintiest apparel, in order to meet the somewhat uncertain-tempered official with a smile that was full of a myriad of flowers, and the glorious dazzle of a sheening sunlight. The town was literally alive with young gentlemen still in their teens, but who struggled hard to appear in the forties, attired in brand-new suits of impossible grays, dingy browns and dismal blues, some of them striped, some spotted, some cross-barred, some chequered like chess-boards, some of one hue, but all fresh from beneath the tailor's goose, and glowing with the consciousness of the very latest squeeze from that useful but harmless necessary instrument. Rakish straw hats of every conceivable shape hung upon one, two, or three hairs, as suited the tastes of the wearers, adorned with the deep crimson ribbon of Harvard, or the delicate pale-blue of Yale. Sunburnt, hale, hearty, blithe, light-hearted young fellows, come out for a superb holiday to witness the triumph or defeat of the beloved *Anna Mater*, and to shout and yell and cheer, until the grand old elms rock again, and grim smiles are won from solemn New England Puritans, who, for the nonce, emerge from their Old World residences to witness the display of muscular Christianity upon the blue crystalline wavelets of the drowsy river. Bunting boldly disports itself from every available nook and corner. Refreshments are announced by placard and crier. Lager beer flows with greater top-water velocity than the Thames, and New London, with its surroundings, is keenly, joyously, if not fiercely, wide awake. We, that is the

special artist and myself, find ourselves upon the Press boat, and steering up the river at ten A. M. Past great floating palaces peppered with perspiring humanity, past magnificent yachts, sunny awnings spread on tables revealing golden necks of champagne-bottles, and the delicate coloring of lobster-salads; past tiny craft of every description, dotting the waters and "filled to the brim" with "woman, lovely woman"; past the grand stand, commanding a vista unsurpassed for quiet loveliness not even in merrie England; past a great war vessel whose engines proved too much for her, and who lies at a mildewed wharf a sad monument to show that "some one had blundered," until we reach the starting point, marked by a languid flag of red and blue. The Yale men came towards us like an arrow through the water, looking mightily fit, and after some little delay the Harvards darted from their float, glancing alongside their opponents with a gentle grace. The umpire's boat got into position, and then—off went the shells to the music of a terrific roar from the occupants of a mammoth grand stand upon wheels, provided by the railway company, of twenty-five trucks each holding eighty persons, which started with the race, accompanying the boats to the winning-post.

Harvard literally leaped from the water, doing thirty-six strokes to the minute. Yale's stroke was superb, and wanted but a fractional swiftness to have made the race the closest thing on record. Harvard kept at thirty-six till the right moment for a spurt at thirty-eight, and then flashed jauntily past the flag-boat to the "Rah, rah's" from ten thousand throats, the booming of cannon from steamers and yachts, and the waving of a sanguinary cloud of crimson silk handkerchiefs. When the race was over we steamed alongside both crews, and then perceived how much heavier was the physique of the Harvard men. Never did muscular Christianity appear to greater advantage than in the forms of the splendid young fellows who, with the halo of victory over their bronzed countenances, held cheery gossip for a passing moment with some of their "chums," eagerly surrounding them from every side, and in every conceivable form of water conveyance. The Yale men were of much finer mold, with not an ounce of spare flesh in the entire boat. The course is one of the finest in the world, and was kept in a manner creditable alike to the committee and to the captains of the thousands of craft that lined it for the four long miles so gallantly covered by Harvard and Yale in twenty minutes odd.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.

BIDDING FAREWELL TO NASSAU.

THE departure of a steamer from Nassau affords the gamins a supreme opportunity for displaying their unrivaled dexterity both as swimmers and divers. The water is as clear as plate-glass and deep "full fathoms five." The grinning, gesticulating, howling youths, whose *caleçons* have but a precarious tenure of office, swarm upon the dock, pointing with frantic pantomime to the water, then imitating the action attendant upon a plunge. Having caught the eye of some curious traveler, one of them, with a leap such as would put Schiller's diver to the blush, springs from the quay, entering the water with an incisive splash, and, frog-like, working his way to the bottom, from whence he will bring up a shell about the size of a walnut, or a piece of seaweed, in order to prove the fact of his having reached *terra firma*. The shouting for pennies now becomes fearful, and while the traveler searches his or her pocket for the coveted coin, the divers perform acrobatic feats in the "briny" of so bewildering a nature as to cause the onlookers to believe in the existence of that being so prized by the proprietors of peripatetic shows—the man fish. The instant the coin appears there is a terrible scramble up the slippery sides of the dock, and a sort of "undress parade" on its edge. The coin is launched, and lo, like a flock of wild ducks taking the water, the ebony-colored gamins dart as arrows from bows! Then ensues a tumble, a scramble, a series of personal encounters, of violent on-laughs, of wrestlings and buffetings, all beneath the pellucid waves, such as baffle description. The coin being somewhat difficult to clutch, the mad struggle for it at the bottom constitutes the tug of war; and whilst some come up to breathe and return like giants refreshed with wine, others remain below until sheer and desperate exhaustion compels them to return to their native air. Once above water all rivalries cease, and each lad prepares for the next plunge with a gusto bespeaking a thorough enjoyment. Our illustration represents the *San Jacinto* leaving Nassau, and the busy scene which we have already described. We have seen *gossoms* go for a "grush" in Conemara, we have beheld howling Egyptian youths race up and down the Pyramids for backsheesh, we have witnessed a gruee in Central India, but the plunge of the gamins at Nassau surpasses each and all.

Grecian Beauty.

MUCH has been said in praise of Grecian beauty, and the men are handsome in every sense of the word, we might well imagine them to have been the models of Phidias and Praxiteles. Their large eyes, black as jet, sparkle with glances of fire, while the long, silky eyelashes soften the expression and give a dreamy appearance of melancholy. Their teeth are small, white, and well-set; a fine regular profile, a pale-olive complexion, and a tall, elegant figure, realize an accomplished type of distinction. As to the women, they seem to have left physical perfection to the men; some possess fine eyes and hair, but as a rule they have bad figures, and some defect in the face generally spoils the good features. It is among them, however, that the old Oriental customs are most strictly preserved; while the men are gradually undergoing the process of civilization, they, in a moral point of view, remain stationary, and are just as they were fifty years ago. It may, indeed, be said that, with the exception of Athens, the women possess no individual existence, and count as nothing in society; the men have reserved every privilege for themselves, leaving to their helpmates the care of the house and family. In the towns, where servants are kept, they are of the poorest class of peasants, who know nothing, and receive miserable wages. The families are generally large—seven or eight little children demand a mother's constant attention. The morning begins by directing the work of each servant, repeating the same thing a hundred times, scolding, screaming, even beating them, to be understood. In the evening, when the children are sleeping, if there remain some little time, the poor worn-out mother sits down to her spinning-wheel to spin silk, to sew or knit, or, if it be summer-time, to look after her silkworms and cocoons, happy if she has not to do the work of her incompetent servants over again.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An Italian Colonization Society is to be formed for the purpose of founding a colony in Shoa, where a tract of land will be granted to it by King Menelik.

It has been discovered by Minnesota farmers that two acres of sunflowers will supply a family with fuel through a long winter. The wood of the stalks and the oil of the seed, it is said, make roaring and cheerful fires.

The Native Doctors of Cochín China treat—and successfully, too, it is said—cases of hydrophobia by keeping the patients delirious during twenty-four hours by administering successive doses of a decoction of the leaves of the purple stramonium.

Dr. Julian Schmidt's great chart of the Moon, the fruit of so many years' laborious and careful study of the lunar surface at the Athens Observatory, has been recently engraved at the expense of the Prussian Government, and will very shortly be published.

Professor Virchow, of Berlin, believes he can furnish proof from a Bulgarian skull that the Bulgarians are not of Slav but of Turkish origin. For this purpose Herr von Hönika will shortly bring from Roumania fifteen skulls of Bulgarians who were killed by the Turks.

Water-Melons are looming up in the near future as an important American product. It is said that experiments in California have shown that sugar can be extracted from the melons at a cost of two cents per pound less than from sugar-cane. Besides this, oil is made from the seed and alcohol from the rind.

In preparing the grave for the reception of the late Sir Gilbert Scott's remains interred in Westminster Abbey, the red virgin sand of Thorney Island was laid bare, with the wave mark of the Thames plainly visible on it. It is said that this has scarcely ever been observed before in the nave of the Abbey, where almost every foot of ground bears traces of the displacing of the soil by previous interments.

A New Improvement in the microscope is reported from Germany. Herr I. von Leubussek has constructed an apparatus which permits no less than sixty microscopical preparations being observed in immediate succession without the trouble of changing the slides and readjustment of the object-glass. Its construction is similar in principle to that of the well known revolving stereoscopes, and the inventor has given the new apparatus the name of "polymicroscope."

A very Simple Process is being extensively employed for freeing woodland newly brought into cultivation from the stumps of trees. A hole about two inches in diameter and eighteen inches in depth is bored in the stump about Autumn, filled with a concentrated solution of saltpetre, and closed with a plug. In the following Spring a pint or so of petroleum is poured into the same hole and set on fire. During the course of the Winter the saltpetre solution has penetrated every portion of the stump, so that not only this, but also the roots, are thoroughly burnt out. The ash is left *in situ*, and forms a valuable manure.

The Mercury Telephone of M. Biquet.—This is on the principle of a Lippmann electrometer. Suppose two vessels containing mercury with acidulated water above, and dipping in the latter in each a tube partly-filled with mercury, and ending below in a capillary point. The mercury in the two vessels is connected by wire; likewise that in the two tubes. On speaking over one tube the air vibrations in it are communicated to the mercury, which translates them into variations of electro motive force, and these variations generate corresponding vibrations in the air-mass of the receiver. The practical form of the instrument is an improvement on this. Such an arrangement would permit of the projection on a screen by means of a magic lantern of the oscillations of the mercury in the tubes, so that not only could we hear the results but also see them. This would then afford another way of showing sound figures to an audience.

The Royal Geographical Society Medals.—The Founder's Medal for 1878 of the Royal Geographical Society has been awarded to Baron F. Von Richtshofen for his extensive travels and scientific explorations in China; also for his great work now in course of publication, in which the materials accumulated during his long journeys are elaborated with remarkable lucidity and completeness. The Patron's Medal has been given to Captain Henry Trotter, R. E., for his services to geography in having conducted the survey operations of the late mission to Eastern Turkistan, under Sir Douglas Forsyth, which resulted in the connection of the Trigonometrical Survey of India with the Russian Surveys from Siberia, and for having further greatly improved the map of Central Asia. Mr. Stanley being already a medalist, is disqualified from receiving a similar honor, but he has been elected an honorary corresponding member, and is to receive the thanks of the Council for his discoveries.

Preservation of Boulders.—In a report by M. Daubrée to the Paris Academy of Sciences, it is strongly recommended that measures should be taken to preserve the many boulders which are scattered over France, and many of which are disappearing under the pickax of the builder. The Academy has appointed a commission for the purpose, which will have delegates in the principal districts of the country. Similar measures have been taken in Switzerland since 1866, and Scotch geologists deserve praise for their zeal on behalf of the preservation of the boulders of their country, and for their excellent periodical reports on the subject. The example of the French Institute could be profitably imitated by the scientific societies of this country. Maps of the direction pursued by boulder-trains ought to be made, and some of the boulders rescued, wherever they have been found, before the march of improvements has either buried them up or blasted them out for building purposes. In various parts of New England these boulder-trains constitute a most interesting feature of the country, and help to furnish a key to the direction of icebergs and to the origin of gravel-beds and moraines among the hills and valleys. Specimens ought to be preserved in all of the cabinets of the country.

Professor Rood's Researches on Light.—The comparison of the intensities of light of different colors has long been considered one of the most difficult of photometric problems. In the February number of the *American Journal of Science and Arts* Professor Rood describes a simple method of making his comparison. The luminosity of cardboard painted with vermilion, for example, was determined thus: A disk of the cardboard is attached to the axis of a rotating apparatus, and smaller disks of black and white (in sections) are fixed on the same axis, so that by varying the relative proportions of black and white a series of grays can be produced at will. The compound black and white disk is first arranged to give a gray decidedly darker than the vermilion; this tint is now gradually lightened till the observer becomes doubtful as to the relative luminosities of the red and gray disks; the angle of the white sector is then measured. Next a gray, decidedly more luminous than the vermilion, is compared with it, and diminished in brightness till the observer again becomes doubtful, when a second measurement is taken. (The manipulation is done by an assistant without the experimenter knowing the exact black and white disk chosen.) From a number of such experiments a mean is obtained, which (it is proved) expresses the luminosity very correctly.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MINISTER NOYES is to give an address at the Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, on July 4th.

PATTI and Nicolini have been engaged to sing before the Queen, but at separate concerts.

MACMAHON, the President of France, costs only \$300,000 a year, against Louis Napoleon's \$6,000,000.

REV. DR. MCKERRON, ex-Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England, died lately near Manchester, at the age of eighty years.

SAMUEL B. GARVIN, ex-District Attorney of New York City, and ex-Judge of the Superior Court, died suddenly of apoplexy, June 28th, aged 67.

REV. DR. JOHN DOWLING, a well-known Baptist clergyman of this city, has become insane from the effects of an injury to his head some months since.

MADAME ELIZABETH PATTERSON BONAPARTE's ninety-three years are easily worn. She is said to collect her own rents, and is a very shrewd woman of business.

REV. BENJAMIN GRAVES, the oldest member of the Cincinnati Presbytery, died recently at Huntville, Ala., aged eighty-one. He entered the ministry over fifty years ago.

LORD DUFFERIN is reported to have made, in the Dominion and in this country, numerous notes, from which a book will be prepared, to appear after his return to England.

HARVARD COLLEGE has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Earl Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, who, by-the-way, has acceded to the wishes of the Home Government, and will remain on this side the water another year.

THE estate left by William C. Rhinelander, of New York, is thought to be worth from \$50,000,000 to \$75,000,000, instead of \$10,000,000, and it will probably be kept together. There will be about seven heirs. The bequests to charitable institutions are less than \$40,000.

THERE are five surviving journalists of the State of New York who were actively in service fifty or more years ago. They are Thurlow Weed, of New York City, Lewis H. Redfield and Vivus W. Smith, of Syracuse, Chauncey Morse, of Detroit and Oran Follett, of Sandusky.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY has received a medal and the diploma of honorary member of the Belgian Society of Geography. The society recently gave a banquet in his honor at Brussels, greeting and applauding him with great enthusiasm during speech-making time.

THE Paris police are spending much of their time at the Grand Hotel. The Shah of Persia, who has \$800,000 worth of jewels with him and several royal princes, brings the hotel a number of guests who "run their faces" to make their fortunes. The Duke of Aosta has suffered already.

WILLIAM E. DODGE and wife celebrated their golden wedding at Tarrytown, N. Y., on Monday, June 24th. There was a large and distinguished attendance, including seven sons and fourteen grandsons. A poem was read by Edmund C. Stedman, a nephew of Mr. Dodge, entitled "Christian and Christiana."

PRIVY COUNSELOR AND PROFESSOR ESMARCH, of Kiel, who was summoned to attend the Emperor of Germany, is one of the most distinguished surgeons living. Six years ago he married the Princess Henrietta of Schleswig-Holstein, a sister of Prince Christian, the husband of the Princess Helena of England.

DR. GARCELON, of Lewiston, Me., the Democratic candidate for Governor of Maine, is a prominent physician, and has been several times a Democratic Congressional candidate. He was a Republican up to the time of Andrew Johnson, and while a Republican was a member of the State Senate. He has been Mayor of Lewiston, and is a hard-money man.

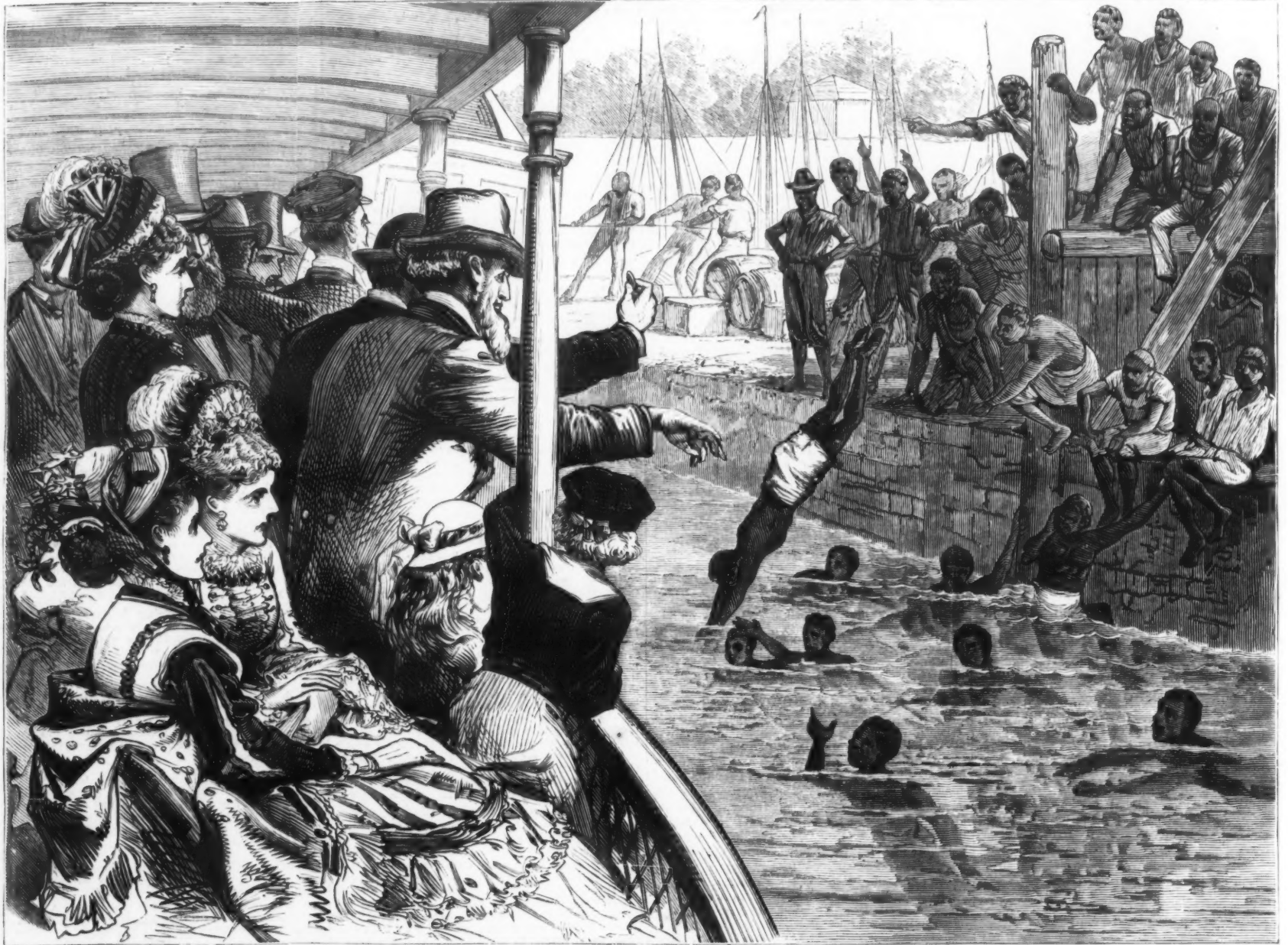
THE three French Commissioners, Messrs. Andre, Ango and Hatt, who came to this country to observe the transit of Mercury, have been visiting Mount Hamilton, Cal., the site selected for the great Lick Observatory. Professor Andre said that at no other place which they had visited in the world did they find everything so favorable for astronomical observations.

PRINCE BISMARCK is not an early riser, and is fond of sitting up late at night, chatting over a bottle of wine or a glass of beer. It is said that nearly all his diplomatic negotiations, beginning with General Goyenne's confidential overtures in 1866 for an alliance between Italy and Prussia, until the most recent *pourparlers* on the Eastern Question, have been transacted by him in a convivial way in the nocturnal hours.

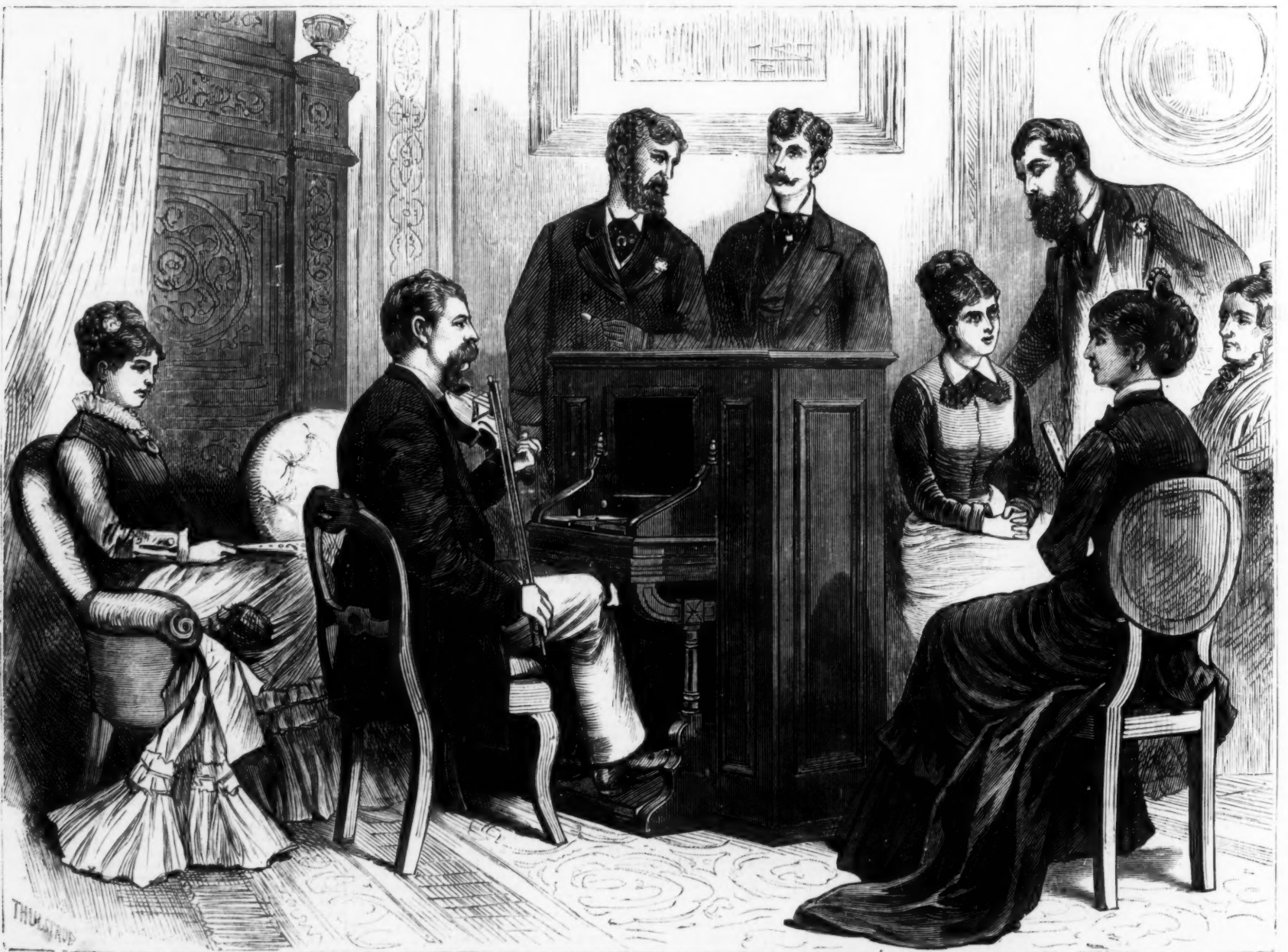
A MONUMENT to the late Father Boehm, who reached the age of over one hundred years, has been unveiled at Rossville, Staten Island. Besides the dates of his birth and death, the monument bears the following inscription: "A centenarian, who was for seventy-six years an honored and beloved Methodist minister, as eminent for social, Christian and ministerial virtues as for longevity. The associate of Bishop Asbury and his compeers in labor on earth, he now rests with them in heaven. This memorial is a tribute of filial affection."

THE Mikado of Japan appears to have spared no effort to do honor to the remains of his murdered adviser, Okubo. The funeral services were conducted according to the ceremonies of the Shinto rite. The casket containing the remains, a miniature temple of the choicest woods, unstained and unpainted, was borne upon the shoulders of a score of men, clad in white silk, with large caps of black crape around their heads. At the grave an address to the spirit of the dead was read by a priest, and offerings of food were placed before the coffin. The Prince Imperial bowed humbly before the inanimate body, and the seven sons of Okubo, one after another, down to the little one of four, laid bundles of green, bound with white ribbons, before the casket. The fate of the assassins is not known, but as torture has not been abolished, their punishment was no doubt terrible.

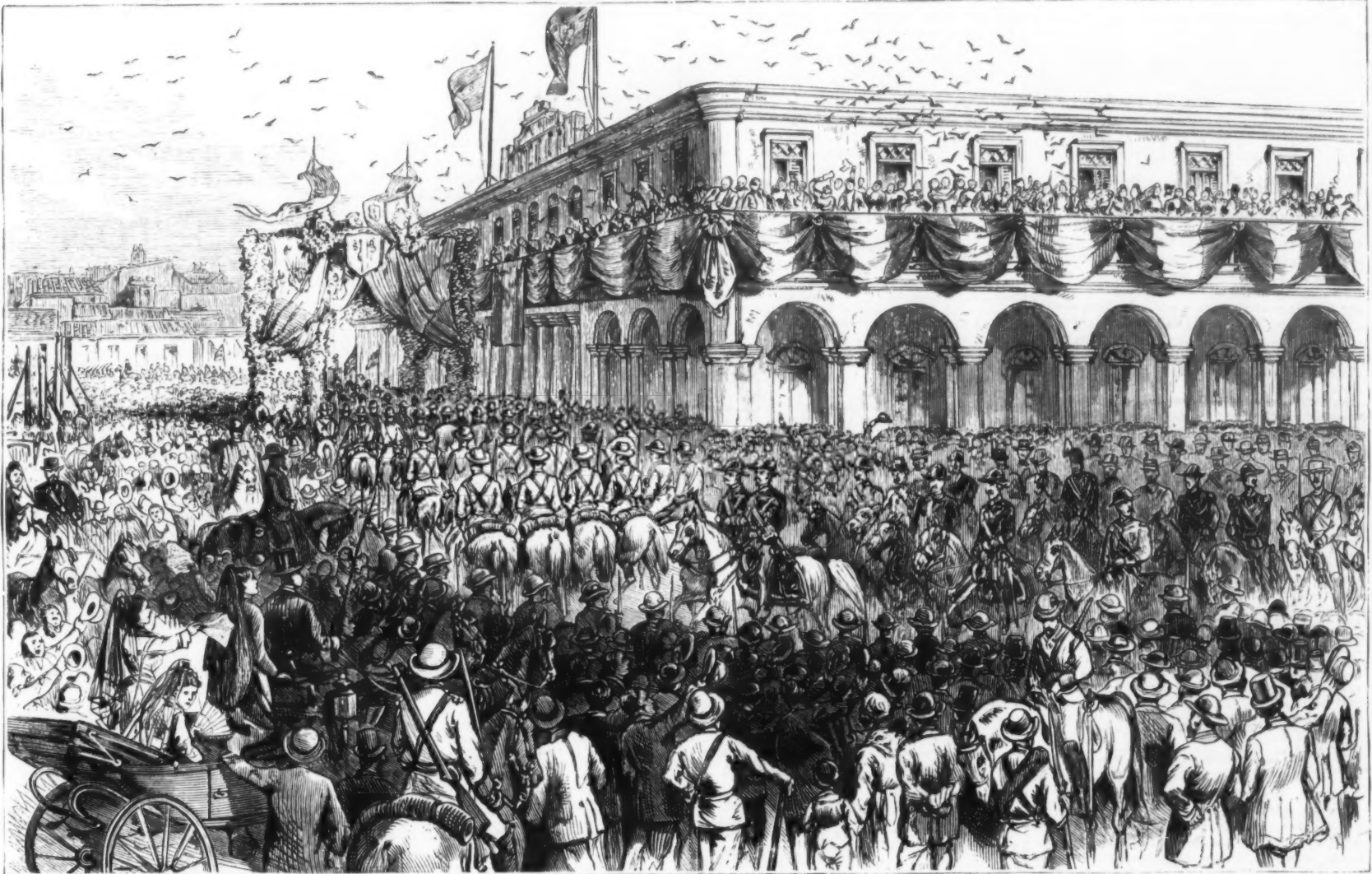
MARIE DE LAS MERCÉDES, wife of Alfonso XII., King of Spain, died at the Palace, in Madrid, on the morning of June 26th, surrounded by the grand dignitaries of the State. She was born, June 24th, 1860, and was married to her cousin, the king, on the 24th of January last. Her Majesty remained quite conscious up to within a short time of her death. She addressed a few words from time to time to her father, but most frequently to her husband, whose frantic grief she alone was able to restrain. In one hand she grasped a crucifix containing a portion of the wood of the Cross; she died with this pressed to her lips; her right hand was clasped in that of her husband, she appeared to suffer but little pain, and expired while in the act of uttering a prayer. Madrid is plunged in grief by the event. The young Queen, by her beauty, gaiety, amiability and charity, had endeared herself to all classes.



SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.—BIDDING FAREWELL TO NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE—NEGRO BOYS DIVING FOR PENNIES.—FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER YEAGER.—SEE PAGE 323.



MASSACHUSETTS.—PROGRESS OF MUSICAL SCIENCE—AUTOMATIC ORGAN, WITH TRANSPOSING AND DYNAMIC ATTACHMENTS. INVENTED BY JOHN M'TAMMANY.—SEE PAGE 326.



CUBA.—THE PEACE JUBILEE IN HAVANA.—GENERAL CAMPOS AND HIS TROOPS PASSING BENEATH THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE CASINO ESPAÑOL, JUNE 14TH.—SKETCHED BY JOHN H. MORRIS.

PEACE IN CUBA.

POPULAR DEMONSTRATION IN HONOR OF GENERAL CAMPOS AND HIS TROOPS.

IN our last issue we gave a narrative of the events in Cuba which led to the re-establishment of peace, and of the jubilee which sealed that consummation, in addition to a double-page engraving of the reception of General Martinez Campos by General Jovellar. On the night of Thursday, June 13th. last, General Campos reached Havana by special train from Cienfuegos, at the Regia Station, on the opposite side of Havana Bay. He was received by Captain-General Jovellar and a large assemblage of officials and citizens. The meeting between the generals was extremely cordial. They

King of Spain and the royal order for the expression of his thankfulness to all who had in any way contributed towards the re-establishment of peace. Again was the enthusiasm of the troops and the people raised to the highest degree, cheer after cheer rang through the air, and it was nearly half an hour before quietness was restored sufficiently for General Campos to be heard. In a brief speech he thanked his men for their fidelity, and in closing he gallantly gave them fulsome credit for their share in the events that had led to the termination of the nine years' struggle, saying, "I am no peace-maker; it is the brave and humble soldiers that surround me who have done this."

In the evening a banquet was given the hero in the Governor's palace, and the round of festivities, as described in our last issue, was kept up until the 18th, when General Campos, having been appointed Captain-General to succeed Jovellar, the latter took his departure for Spain amid grand demonstrations.

COLONEL GEORGE P. KANE.

COLONEL GEORGE P. KANE, of Baltimore, who died June 23d, aged 58 years, and whose portrait is given as he appeared several years ago, was for many years a conspicuous character in the politics of his native city and State. He began his political career in 1840; and in acknowledgment of his support, President Taylor, in 1849, appointed him Collector of the Port of Baltimore. He was an avowed enemy of Know-Nothingism, and was prominent in the effort to accomplish its defeat, in which he was ultimately successful. During the famine in Ireland he was a grain-dealer, and through his energy large cargoes were sent forward to the famished Irish. When the late Civil War broke out, he was Marshal of Police, and bore a conspicuous part on the 19th of April, 1861, in the passage of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment through Baltimore, from the President Street Depot to Camden Street Station. When

the regiment was hotly pressed by the mob, Marshal Kane, with fifty policemen, rushed to the rear of the regiment, formed a line across the street, and, with drawn revolvers, kept back the crowd of rioters. His services were subsequently acknowledged by the colonel of the regiment. In June, 1861, Colonel Kane was charged with treason, arrested by the military, and confined in Forts Warren, McHenry and Lafayette for fourteen months, when he was released. He then went South, and remained until the close of the war. He was elected Sheriff of Baltimore in 1873, and in October, 1877, he was elected Mayor.

MOSES A. WHEELLOCK.

FEW men were better known in New York financial circles than Mr. Moses A. Wheelock, who, on June 23d, while overcome with depression, on account of disturbed business relations, committed suicide at his residence in this city. Mr. Wheelock, who was born at Providence, R. I., in 1823, came to New York some forty



MARYLAND.—THE LATE GEORGE P. KANE, MAYOR OF BALTIMORE.

remained during the night at the residence of Count Romero, in Guanabacoa. At six o'clock on Friday morning the General-in-Chief and the Captain-General crossed the bay in the ferry-boat, passing between the men-of-war, which were drawn up in two lines. They landed at seven o'clock, and made a triumphant entry into the city. As the General-in-Chief at the head of the column of 4,000 troops, approached the Plaza de Luz, where the Casino Español had erected a magnificent arch, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed in the closely pressed crowds of Cubans, Spaniards and foreigners. The balconies were occupied by ladies in gala attire, and as Campos rode past, handkerchiefs were waved, bouquets and loose flowers were thrown upon the soldiers, and a multitude of pigeons were released from baskets. Exciting as was this scene, a greater delirium broke forth when General Campos reached the Casino itself. Another magnificent arch had been erected in front of this well-known building. Thousands of handkerchiefs were waved again and again. Flowers, pigeons and congratulatory mottoes printed on variously-colored pieces of paper were thrown into the air, and in a moment the space for many blocks was filled with the bewildered birds and the brilliant flowers and mottoes.

When opposite the main entrance to the Casino, General Campos formed his troops en masse, and read in a loud voice the telegraphic congratulations of the young



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE MOSES A. WHEELLOCK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. FREDERICKS & CO.



DR. KARL EDWARD NOBELING, WHO ATTEMPTED THE ASSASSINATION OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, JUNE 2D.—SEE PAGE 326.

years ago, and at an early age interested himself in financial undertakings. He was one of the earliest members of the Stock Exchange, and in 1851 was elected chairman of that institution. His business ability and executive powers caused him to be re-elected for twenty-six years consecutively. During that long period he never once lost control of the Exchange; and when panics occurred and the operators were all overcome by excitement, he always remained cool, and compelled order and attention. In 1874 he became financially embarrassed, and last year, being unable to meet his contracts, lost his place in the Exchange. In May last, however, his friends rallied to his side, and sought to re-elect him to the chairmanship, but the effort failed, and he never recovered from the effects of the defeat. Disappointed, wounded in spirit, his resources exhausted, he took the mad plunge into the unknown, where lately so many disordered minds have sought release from overwhelming cares. When found by a member of his family, he was reclining on his left side, with his right arm resting upon the right arm of an easy-chair. Blood was running from his mouth and nose, and in his right temple was a hole marking the entrance of a very large pistol-bullet into his head. The revolver from which the ball proceeded still hung in Mr. Wheelock's right hand. His funeral took place on Tuesday, June 25th

Among the floral pieces about the coffin was a tablet inscribed in violets, "Old Guard," of which organization Mr. Wheelock was once quartermaster. Thirty members of the Old Guard were present in the parlor, together with many of Mr. Wheelock's business friends.

A subscription, in aid of the family of the deceased, started in the Stock Exchange, already amounts to \$5,000, and will probably reach \$10,000.

THE ASSASSIN NOBELING.

DR. CARL NOBELING, who attempted the assassination of the Emperor William of Germany, at Berlin, on June 2d, is a man of fine attainments and good family. He was born, April 10th, 1848, in the Province of Posen, and received a careful education in the Government schools, graduating at the age of nineteen years. He then studied agriculture for three years in the Crown domain, and in 1870 went to the University of Halle, where he attended particularly the lectures on agriculture and political economy. In 1875, having meanwhile spent some time in inspecting model farms and factories, he entered the University at Leipzig, receiving his degree in the following year. He was then employed in various governmental offices, employing his leisure in attending lectures on political economy. Subsequently he traveled through England, Belgium, France, Switzerland and Austria, acquiring increased extravagance of views as to industry, capital and government as his observations became more extended. Last year he settled in Berlin, and soon became conspicuous for his Socialistic views. He appears to have had intimate relations with the reactionary leaders of Germany, and it is intimated that his attempt upon the life of the Emperor was the result of a deliberate plan matured by them. Personally, Dr. Nobeling has always been of a pleasant disposition, and the crime which has given him such wide celebrity was undoubtedly the fruit of that intellectual craze which sooner or later overtakes so many of the ultra Socialists. At the last accounts, his intended victim, Emperor William, was still on the road to recovery, but his perfect restoration will be a matter of time, and meanwhile a regency is talked of.

THE AUTOMATIC ORGAN.

ONE of the modern wonders is the automatic organ, invented by Mr. John McTammany. A correspondent who attended an exhibition of its powers describes the instrument as an organ of itself, without a key-board, differing from the hand-organ, music-box and orchestreen, in that it has no crank, barrel or spiked cylinder, and also in the fact that it is not limited to a certain number of tunes, and does not possess their mechanical effect, but on the contrary is capable of giving great expression. It is cased similar to the ordinary parlor organ, having pedals, by means of which the instrument is operated. It excels the "magnetic organ" in economy of space, costs several hundreds of dollars less, needs no power save the bellows, which are operated by the feet the same as the common organ. The correspondent who furnishes the description says of the parlor exhibition of it: "The instrument appeared as not only organ, but performer also. It played a large number of compositions in different times and keys, the speed being regulated by the motion of the foot-pedals, while the tone was increased or diminished by the use of a knee-swell. The spectacle of an organ playing by note without touch of human hands was wonderful indeed." The advantages which will accrue from this instrument are obvious. It will make possible the introduction of music into every home without the labor and expense to any one of learning to play.

A Russian Detective Story.

THE zeal of the Russian detectives sometimes leads to most comical blunders. One of the professors of the Vladimir gymnasium received from a student in Moscow a letter, which fell into the hands of the police. It contained this mysterious phrase: "The reign of the Cucumber has commenced with us." This struck the official in blue as highly suspicious. What was meant by "The Reign of the Cucumber"? A plot against the State might be brewing. He immediately sent policemen to take the professor into custody and fetch him to St. Petersburg, and the feelings of the professor during the journey may be readily imagined. On his arrival in the capital he was imprisoned, and for a whole fortnight remained in his section without seeing a soul, wondering what he had done and what would become of him. At last he was brought before the great functionary and interrogated as to the meaning of this mysterious phrase. He replied that it was the custom of the students of Moscow to feed on raw cucumbers while preparing for their examinations, and on inquiry, this having turned out to be the case, he was sent back to Vladimir to resume his duties. This incident is related by Dr. J. F. Celestin in his sketch of Russia since the abolition of serfdom.

Dogs on Errands of Mercy.

THE suggestion of the *Wehr Zeitung* is that a race of dogs should be attached to armies in their campaigns, or at least to the corps of ambulance service attending upon them, and that after every battle the dogs in question should be sent forth to range over the field of battle in search of those wretched soldiers who have not been killed outright, but who have hidden themselves in some refuge, and after figuring in the list of "missing," men too often perish miserably before any relief can find them out. It seems that the idea of employing dogs in this way is by no means a new one, but was brought forward two years ago at Dresden, where some dogs qualified for this purpose were shown in an exhibition. Since that time experiments have been made by means of crossing the St. Bernard with other races with a view to obtaining the most suitable breed, and a very satisfactory result is said to have been arrived at by the German fanciers. The precise mode of employing the animals on their beneficent mission is described in the Vienna paper, which explains that the dog is furnished with a leather collar and plate, having marked upon it his number and the division of the army to which he is attached, and the Geneva Cross. To this collar is suspended a small leather bag, containing pencil and slip of paper, and even a little lantern in case of his being sent out at night. The wounded man, upon being found, opens the

bag and writes his name if he can upon the paper, together with the nature of his injuries, and on the return of the animal to the ambulance assistance is sent under its guidance to the spot where the sufferer is concealed.

The Pleasures of Savage Life.

TATTOOING, the court dress of the state of nature, has obviously its discomforts. But even the most ordinary processes of the toilet are more disagreeable in savage than in civilized society. Millions of our fellow-creatures shave with stone razors. The thought is a stupendous one, proving, among other things, that when primitive man has an ideal, when he thinks it the thing not to wear a beard, his sense of duty is all-powerful, and he shrinks from no inconvenience. Probably a sharp shell makes a better razor than the edge of a flint, and bronze is, no doubt, still better than either. Yet even in the Bronze Age the barbarian who would have a smooth chin needs a good deal of resolution. Travelers describe the brave throwing himself on the ground and allowing a tribesman to shave him almost without a groan. When the business is done the tribesman lies down in turn and endures the barber's office like a lamb. Moreover, as good society often demands sharp-filleted teeth as well as a clean-shaven face, the agonies of the fashionable are increased by one of the keenest of minor torments. The discomforts of savage love affairs and marriages are sufficiently well known. They do not greatly differ from what is endured by civilized people who intend to enter the state of matrimony.

FUN.

THE Indian famine is dying out—so are the people.

DURING the siege Paris subsisted on horseflesh. Now it lives on strangers.

Is THE Kahn of Tartary a milk kahn, containing as it were, the cream of tartar—eh?

THE fellow who broke the new State prison wall says it's rightly named—the conquered prison.

ON the Metropolitan Elevated Railway. She: "Dear father, I feel so—sick." He: "Is it so? A clear case, my child, of mal de M. E. R."

"SEE here, wife, you indulge that boy too much. He is a perfect mule." "Oh, husband, please don't accuse our boy of having an ass for a father." The old man was silent.

A LONG-SUFFERING collector, who had been kicked down five different flights of stairs, went back to the house and gloomily reported that "collections were very brisk, but thin."

"DID you ever dabble in stocks?" asked a lawyer of a witness who was known to have fled from his native land to this asylum of the free. "Well, yes, I got my foot in 'em once in the old country," was the reply.

A BIG Yankee from Maine, on paying his bill in a London restaurant, was told that the sum put down didn't include the waiter. "Wal," he roared, "I didn't eat any waiter, did I?" He looked as though he could, though, and there was no further discussion.

AN Illinois Freshman has the reputation of having thus outwitted a pert Senior. Senior: "Do you know why our college is such a learned place?" Freshman: "Of course; the Freshmen all bring a little learning here, and, as the Seniors never take any away, it naturally accumulates."

"MR. PRESIDENT," said a Buffalo alderman, "I makes der motion as der new jail be build on der same spot as der old jail what's now standing; dat saves der money for der land, and I makes der motion as der old jail shall not be pull down till der new jail is built, so ve vill not be widout der jail."

THE latest sentimental agony in songs is a tender ballad, beginning:

"Who will come above me sighing,
When the grass grows over me?"
We can't say positively who, but if the cemetery fence is in the usual repair, it will probably be the cove.

A JERSEY widower, who had taken another partner, was serenaded on his wedding night. The parties brought a phonograph, in which were preserved some of the objurgations of his first wife, and when they set it going under his window, the happy bridegroom broke out into a cold sweat and crawled up the chimney on a bridal tour.

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A CARD.

NEW ORLEANS, June 12, 1878.
The undersigned certifies that he was the holder of WHOLE TICKET No. 31,079, single Number Lottery, Class "F," in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the First Capital Prize of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS on Tuesday, June 11, 1878, said ticket having cost the sum of Ten Dollars, at the office of N. Dudoissat, corner of Common Street and Theatre Alley, and that the amount was promptly paid on presentation of the ticket at the office of the Company.
W. B. CAMPBELL, 29 Carondelet Street.

NEW ORLEANS, June 12, 1878.
This is to certify that we have this day paid a check of the Louisiana State Lottery Company for the Sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, in favor of W. B. Campbell, in payment for a whole ticket of the drawing of June 11, 1878, which drew the capital prize of that amount.
A. LUKIA,
Cashier Louisiana National Bank of New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, June 19, 1878.
The undersigned certifies that he held for collection, on account of M. W. Range, of Vierling & Runge, whole-

sale druggists, 22 Upper First St., Evansville, Ind., one-tenth ticket No. 83,585, class "F," in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the Second Capital Prize of Fifty Thousand Dollars, on Tuesday, June 11, 1878, said ticket having cost the sum of One Dollar, sold by John Conniff, newdealer on the Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans Railroad, and that the amount was promptly paid on presentation of the ticket at the office of the Company.
M. BANISTER,
Runner State National Bank of New Orleans.

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THIS MAN

was wise in his day and generation. Many people wait year in and year out for something to turn up whereby their fortunes may be improved. Not so Mr. H. F. Giddings, who saw in a New York newspaper the announcement of the banking house of Lawrence & Co., of their new combination system of operating in stocks, bonds and securities, and immediately embraced the opportunity for money-making. As a result he

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LAWRENCE & CO., 17 Broad Street: Dear Sirs—Your favor containing your check for \$1,376.63 at hand, for which I thank you, as it is in excess of what I expected. As to your request for an expression in writing from me, I can cheerfully say that the above result is very satisfactory, and I believe I can safely recommend your combined system to everybody. And furthermore, I would say that I first saw your advertisement in the *N. Y. Advocate*, handed me by a friend, and sent for one of your circulars, on receipt of which, as you know, I remitted you \$300 for 300 shares in Class C in one of your combinations, and by return mail received your certificates for the same, and during the month received five notices of purchases and sales of different stocks, in all amounting to 4½ per cent, or \$1,275 profit on my 300 shares, after deducting your commissions of \$198.37, leaving me a net profit of \$1,076.63 over and above my investment of \$300. Yours truly,

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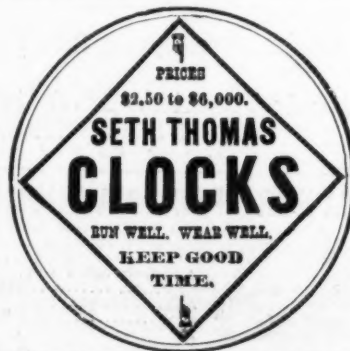
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